

Woroni

Volume 50, Edition 4, April 1998

WARNING: This issue contains
sexually explicit material that may
offend some readers. Cool.

On the road

Graffiti

Psycho-movies

A.F. REVIEW

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FINANCIAL REVIEW



hello

Hello reports the death of a Milli Vanilli dream, apologises to the family of Kurt Cobain and gets randy with George Michael. We also print an advertisement to disguise the fact that no one gave us a column.

news

The dedicated Michael Cook brings you news on the fate of the uni fluff, nudism on campus and the riveting photographs from the last rally.



letters

The Woroni Letters page gets sweet and sour in this issue as we receive two letters of adoring praise but many more in damning condemnation. And remember to saty tuned for "Halliday's Revenge" - scary stuff.

race

Woroni scrapes the bottom of the aesthetic barrel when it takes a tour of the very worst art on campus and delivers the a big pay out to the School of Art it has so far managed to avoid.



entertainment

Entertainment gives you the usual reviews but does not complement it with any give aways because the Woroni staff took them all.

what's on



What's On gives you the lowdown on the new production at the Canberra Theatre, Sydney Writers Week and gives you the chance to win free stuff just by showing your pet, or writing a Japanese poem.



society

You'll find out why New York sux, why you should eat at Pastamania and find out why Hoyts in Belconnen is a scam. All this plus you'll learn about bodybuilding and how to apologise to a phantom figure.

footnotes



In this issue detective James meets a serial carstrater and Vicki and Fiona interview the woman behind the comfy couches at Tilley's.

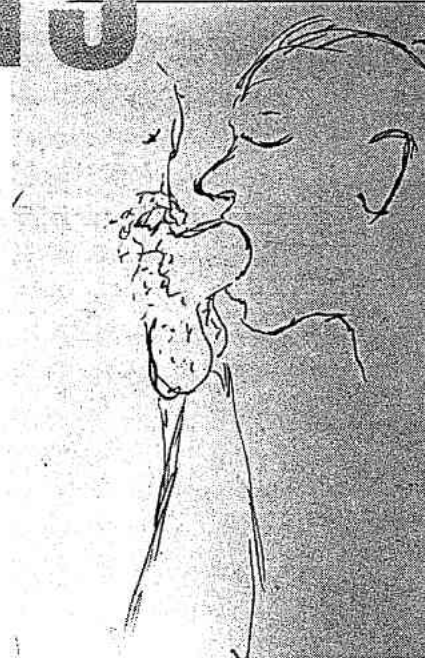
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Daniel Landon investigates the do's and dont's, the sociology, the agony and the ecstasy of hitchhiking. What has happened to hitchhiking since Ivan Milat gave the whole thing a totally new spin?

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Where do head jobs meet political discussion, condemnation of meat eating and the deepest darkest secrets of one's psyche. On the toilet wall of course. Woroni reporters Vicki Cotton and Fiona Gregory venture where few women dare to tread and visit the boys' as well as the girls'.

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Stuart Roberts goes the full psychological monty in his step-by-step guide to a Jungian anlysis of film. Don't you wish you could have a formula that could gurantee a good time at the movies? Well now you have the power to tell which film you'll like with this simple aesthetic/psychological road map.

contents

woroni salutes



In case you haven't heard the hot word on the streets, the name of the rival to *Woroni* is *CURio*, the funky young, multi-media, Gen X paper from Canberra Uni. Being a team of professional graphic designers and creative writers (did I mention Canberra Uni courses rock too) the *CURio* paper is hot. How hot?... put it this way I'm not going to need heating in my flat this Winter.

Because Canberra Uni is full of sportos and duped Asian students paying their way through a degree, the Canberra Uni Students Association has shitloads of money that it doesn't spend on virtually anything else except their super paper. *CURio*'s sizzling articles, dazzling design and graphics have kept us all amused over the years and it is for this, *CURio*, that *Woroni* salutes you.

woroni apologises



Woroni would like to call your attention to a grievous error made in the last issue. In the last issue of Celebrity Deaths *Woroni* expressed a wish for Kurt Cobain to die. It has however been called to our attention that Kurt Cobain is apparently already dead. *Woroni* apologises unreservedly for any unnecessary distress or trauma that this may have caused.

If you think that *Woroni* has made any mistakes that it ought to apologise for then please feel free to approach us for an apology. Our apology service is free and open to all who feel that they have been wronged.

The day pop culture died. *Woroni* is sad to report that "Milli" of the infamous duo Milli Vanilli has died. The official cause of death was circulatory collapse — read "drug overdose". I haven't cried so much since

Elton John came out.

As a teen I always thought the way that one of the duo would die would be to spin around very fast until his unbelievably long hair stood out several metres from his head so that when he stopped it would coil back in the other direction wrapping itself around his neck, thus choking him to death.

I secretly loved Milli Vanilli, but of course could never admit it at school. Those desires had to go and join my closet admiration of Roxette and Bros. Not only that but I was one of the few that stood by them after it was revealed that they were frauds. I mean who cares if they couldn't sing, neither can Bob Dylan and could you name me someone with more street cred.

None of this matters anymore of course. The rumoured reunion concert will never go ahead and all that's left is a few great songs, some cruel jokes from the unbelievers and a handful of stardust that shone in their once bright eyes.

Goodbye Milli Vanilli, we don't blame it on the rain we blame it on the storm in the human heart, and whatever we'll do we'll never put the blame on you. I loved you.

woroni

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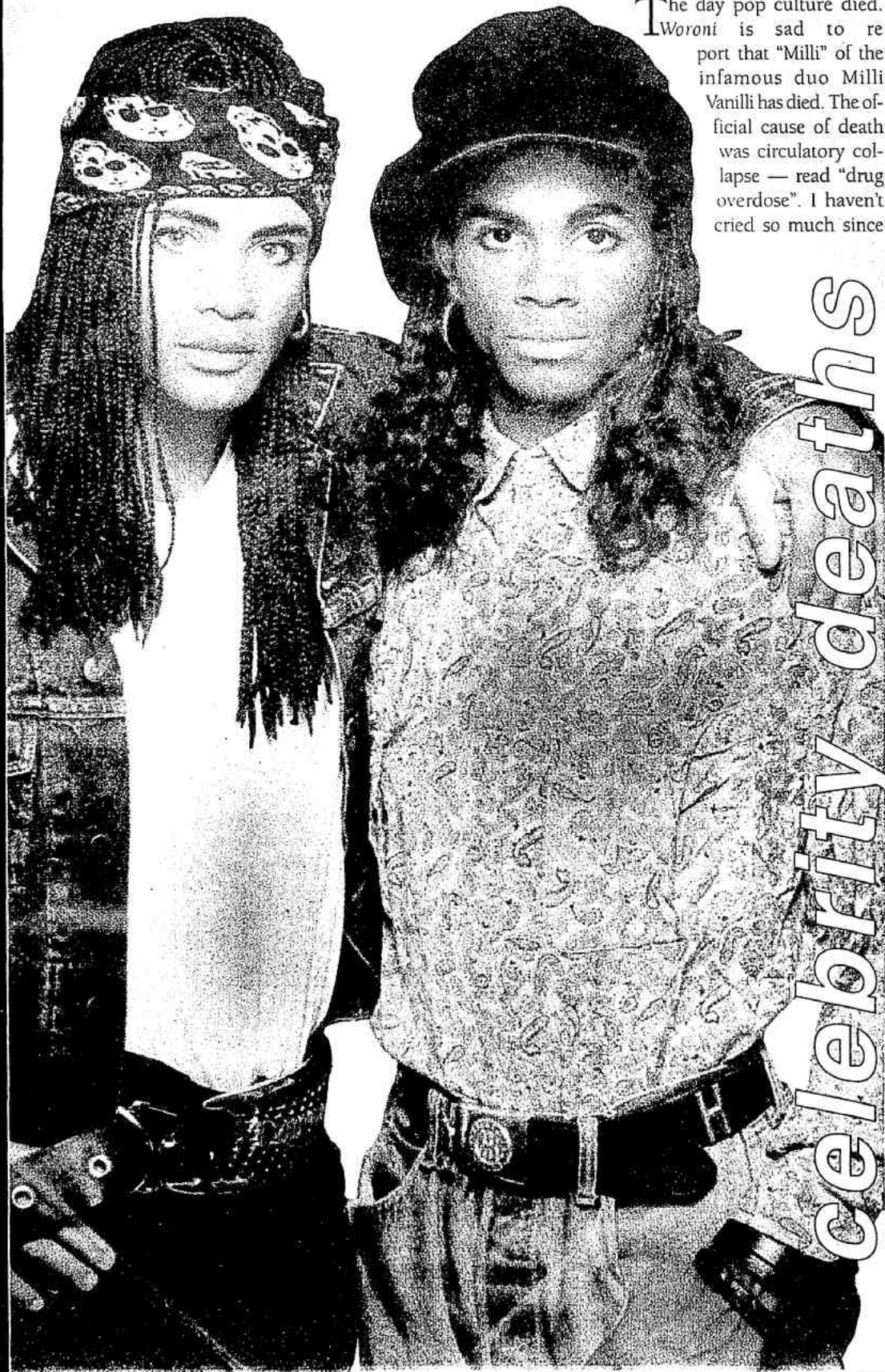
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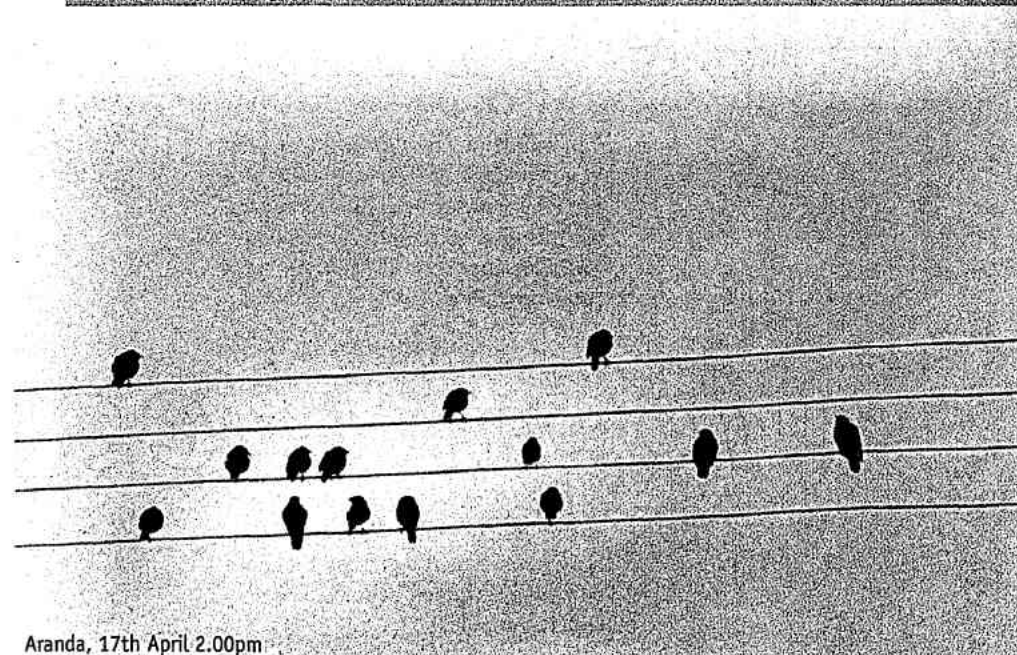
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Roberts & Easter Sunday

woroni is the official publication of the Australian national university students' association. The opinions expressed in *woroni* are not necessarily those of the editors, students' association or *woroni* staff.



click!



Aranda, 17th April 2.00pm

woroni hates you



(above) Helen in happier unstalked days

Poor little Helen Razer. Someone's had a nervous breakdown and now they're no longer on the air. What a bloody relief. Am I the only one who thinks that Helen Razer ought to be given a permanent vacation from every media outlet on earth. I mean has anyone ever been so crap and totally, utterly annoying on any radio station in history? I think not. Frankly, Ms Razer, ruthless self-promotion, reading one book by Camillia Paglia, the ability to name drop a couple of archi-

facts, lame-arsed "in yo' face sexuality" and jokes about your labia do not constitute the words of a respected social commentator or even that of a pseudo-intellectual. Judith Lucy kicks you so thoroughly up the date that I'm embarrassed for her that you two even once appeared on the same show. I'm glad you've gone Helen, you little Narrabundah College try-hard. You think you're rock but you're a total crock.

who's THAT girl?



Proudly... this... will... evidence... prize... should just... claim... straight... prefer... tickets to the show of their choice...

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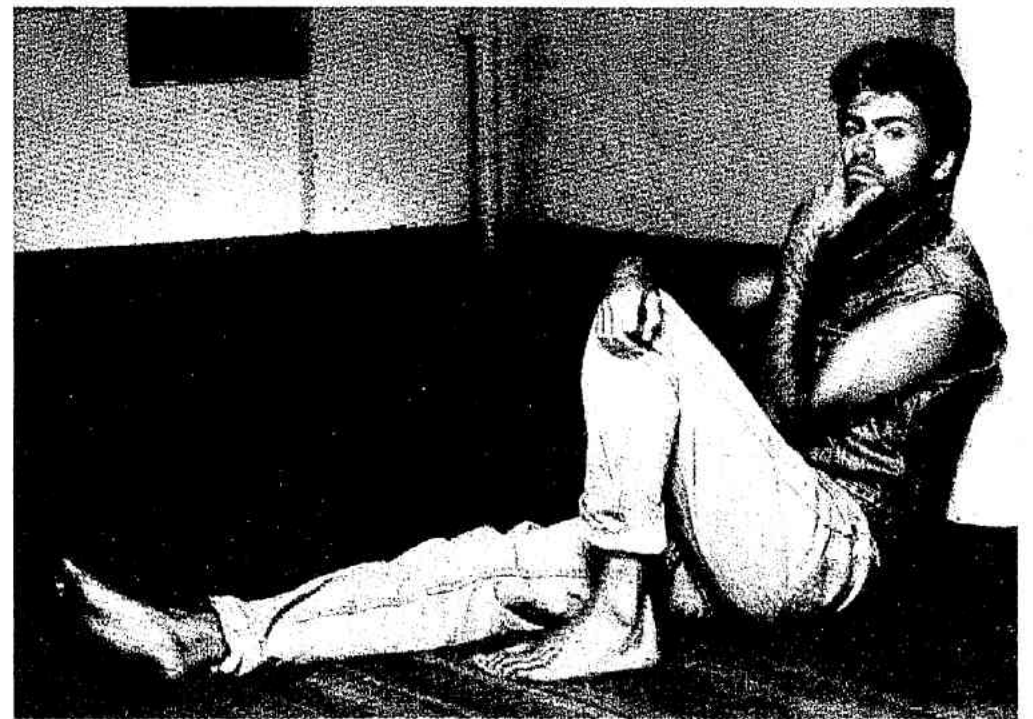
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0055 — PANTIES

This month's Panties is more of a salutation than a gratuitous attempt to objectify the human body (remembering that after the jolly good lesson we got taught we'll never be encouraging any dirty thoughts again). Thus this month we have chosen to send our tributes of admiration to George Michael. Ohhhhhh Georgie. The man who gave the 80s a big collective wet dream has finally been busted participating in a bit of solo horn-

doggery in a public toilet in LA. It was lucky that the LAPD had time to take off from their constant battle with crack cars and colour gangs to bust the despicable Mr Michael but, well, I guess that sex is really no laughing matter. Unless you happen to be George Michael and then it really is very funny. So zip me up before you go-go George and don't let the man get you down, unless of course you want to go down on the man.



Poplars in Peril...Union Court Trees Face the Axe

by Daniel Heard

One of the most notable features of Union Court, its seven magnificent European White Poplars, will be removed near the end of April.



The European Poplars are the trees responsible for the famous "fluff" which falls in spring around the ANU. Their removal will force the early commencement of a planned redevelopment of Union Court.

The poplar directly outside the Union building collapsed on the 28th of February, damaging a parked car and drawing attention to the unstable state of the trees, which are all over 35 years old. Bruno Wright, the consultant commissioned by the Facilities and Services Division to inspect the poplars, reported that the trees were decaying and their branch structure was weakened by bacterial and fungal infections.

"The trees have reached maturity but due to poor branch removal in the past they have shortened useful lifespans. I would not see it as appropriate to continue with these trees into any new landscape even if suspect limbs were artificially braced. I feel it would be far better to grow an appropriate tree that can develop in any new landscape development than try to maintain these

trees."

Many students, however, have stated their opposition to removal of the poplars. "It's a bloody disgrace", said Edward, a third year engineering student, who was enjoying his lunch in the shade provided by one of the trees. "I mean, these trees are so beneficial to the place that an occasional falling branch shouldn't be a problem".

Some students are reportedly planning a "Save the Trees" campaign, and signs have begun to appear in Union Court opposing the move. The ANU Students' Association Environment Department, however, has recognised that the tree removal is a necessary if regrettable one.

This conclusion was supported by Dr John Banks, Senior lecturer in Dendrology and Forest Ecology. "I have...inspected each of the residual trees and agree with the conclusion in the report that the trees are now inherently unstable. The principal problem is internal decay caused by bacterial and fungal infections entering through branch crotches and exposed surfaces on cut branches...the trees have in my opinion reached the end of their 'safe' life as ornamental trees in a public place and it would be unwise to allow the situation to continue any longer than is necessary."

Warwick Williams, Director of the Facilities and Services Division, said



Save the Trees indeed: one of the doomed poplars, with a protest sign.

photo: Michael Cook

that "It breaks our hearts to have to remove them, but the experts are telling us the situation is becoming dangerous for those using Union Court."

"The removal will be conducted late April or early May, and it will occur out of hours," said Mr Williams. "The area will have to be closed off for at least a day while the operation is conducted;

it's a huge job". The Director did give an assurance that "We will be looking into providing interim shading until the Union Court redevelopment can be completed."

ANU nudists fight for bare rights

by Michael Cook



ANU nudists, for years a persecuted minority on campus, may soon be getting their own Students' Association Department to fight for nudist rights.

A proposed amendment to the SA Constitution is designed to "combat the problems of visual prejudice and conformism...and promote nude pride on campus".

"Over the years, the SA has come to form departments to take up the issues of minority sexuality and women's issues," the introductory statement reads, "[But] it has come to the attention of the student population that one minority has been under-represented, namely nudists."

Stephen Schneider, who as a Student Representative Council member introduced the amendment, believes he is fighting for what is right and just. "I'm not a nudist, personally," he said, "but I believe that people have the right to express themselves in any way they choose. Also, since the SA has decided to represent some minorities, it should, if it wants to avoid bias, represent all such minorities."

Mr Schneider acknowledges, however, that he has an ulterior motive in introducing the amendment. "Yeah, there's a political motive, but I'm definitely not poking fun at the Sexuality or Women's Departments. If anything, I'm making the point that SA General Meetings are so dry, a little fun doesn't hurt."

The Nudity Department would,



SA President Harry Greenwell might soon bare all for nude rights

among other objectives, "promote and defend nude awareness and Nude Pride", and organise "an annual Nude Pride march." The most important section, however, states that "Should this motion succeed, this General Meeting directs the President of the SA to...support it, both in voice and in ex-

ample through a world-first inaugural nude council address."

Mr Schneider is certain that, if the motion succeeds at the next SA meeting, "[SA President] Harry Greenwell will kill me". But Mr Schneider is willing to pay the ultimate price for nudist rights.

National Day of student protest

by Jamie Hall



Over 18,000 people rallied across Australia for the National Day of Action on April 1, supporting more funding for higher education.

In Canberra, ANU students gathered at Union Court and marched to Civic, joining with university staff, public sector workers, and marchers from TAFE and UC — a total crowd of around 1,500 people. Speakers included Students' Association President Harry Greenwell, Education Officer James Connor, officials from the National Tertiary Education Union and other unions, representatives of Aboriginal students, Labor Shadow Minister for Higher Education Mark Latham, and Democrat Spokesperson on Tertiary Education Senator Natasha Stott Despoja.

According to ANU organisers, the rally was primarily aimed at voters. The President of the ANU branch of the NTEU, Dr Doug Kelly, told *Woroni* that "we have to keep the state of education

in the minds of the public, in the run-up to the elections". This protest was part of "a prolonged campaign of pressure on the Government and on the public interest," Dr Kelly said.

Education Officer James Connor considered the rally a "fantastic success. It was inclusive, with a wide range of speakers," he said. "There's no reason why anyone shouldn't stand with us in solidarity".

According to *The Canberra Times*, the protest was endorsed by the ANU Vice-Chancellor, Deane Terrell; a move which pleased our SA President. "This means that there's an even broader range of groups calling for more university funding," Harry Greenwell told *Woroni*. "Some Vice Chancellors should be less reticent about speaking in public, but any support is welcome support," he continued.

There was no violence or rowdiness at the protest; even so, the Chancery building was shut down for several hours as a precaution. There was, however, some heckling during Mark Latham's speech; "the ALP gave us HECS, fees, and enterprise bargaining," comments Dr Kelly. "Those sections of the crowd were justified in responding sceptically".



National Day of Action protesters make their feelings felt outside DEETYA

Top students say: Don't Come Here

by Michael Cook

Many of the ANU's scholarship holders, dismayed at the continuing cuts to the Arts Faculty, are telling potential students to avoid the ANU.

In a letter signed by 48 scholarship and bursary recipients, given to the ANU Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell and sent to secondary schools, they warn of "widespread" academic and morale problems severely affecting teaching at the ANU.

The letter explains that "because of these cuts, the ANU no longer offers a comprehensive education", and that prospective students should be discouraged from enrolling. It also points out that the University offers no guarantee that courses will not be abandoned or cancelled without warning, leaving students stranded mid-way through a degree. The letter was personally handed to the VC at a function organised to honour the scholarship holders.

Robin Darroch, a scholarship holder and signee of the letter, said that "until the University can find a way to maintain the quality and breadth of its offerings, we cannot recommend it for students seeking a balanced university education".

The scholarship holders were prompted into publicly condemning their own University after ANU Admin reneged on personal assurances given to students. Professor Peter Baume, Cancellor of the ANU, wrote to one student declaring that "we are determined that no enrolled student should suffer". This year, however, over one week into first Semester, students studying First Year Russian were told their course no longer existed.

This current environment of uncertainty, brought about by the continual threat of cuts to courses and academic numbers, is destroying the ANU's ability to effectively provide a good education. Tamsin Sanderson, also a scholarship holder, originally chose the ANU over Melbourne University because of its strength in Classics and Languages. "Now I may have to go overseas to complete my degree," she said.

The letter conveys the students' sadness at the "state of disrepair" the ANU is now in, but expresses the hope that one day, once the ANU is again "a great institution of learning", that the scholarship holders will again be able to recommend it to potential students.

SA calls for NUS vote

by Maggie Kauffman

The Students' Association will be holding a referendum early in second semester to give ANU students the opportunity to decide whether they want to be part of the National Union of Students (NUS). This decision comes after the SA recently obtained the necessary 730 signatures, 10% of the ANU student population, required to call a referendum.

If successful, the ANU will be one of the last universities to join the Union, and the SA feels that the recent cuts to higher education mean that a united voice is now more important than ever: "Now we need all the protection we can get, especially with the release of the West Review, national representation of students is essential and the only way we will be able to maintain quality education at ANU," said a spokesperson for the SA.

It is not the first time ANU students have voted on this issue. When the question was put to the student body in a referendum in 1995, ANU students comprehensively voted against joining. Many students on campus oppose affiliation, believing the NUS is unrepresentative and counter-productive to the student cause.

This year's Students Association executive, however, are actively supporting moves to join the Union. "The NUS is performing a vital function of bringing a united student voice and it is important for us to be part of this body."

According to the SA, joining NUS will not cause any increase to the general services fees (GSF), which has been capped at \$180 until 2001. The \$30 000 required to join will instead come out of the GSF contingency fund, money that is reserved for special needs.

To join the NUS, the student population will need a 50% + 1 vote majority in favour.



ANU triumphs in Debating, almost in Mooting

by Lara Shevchenko and AAP

On the ANU campus, and on the other side of the world, ANU students once again proved they have the gift of the gab by winning the Easter Intersvarsity Debating Championship and coming runner-up in the prestigious Jessup International Law Moot Court Competition.

Held this year in Washington, DC, the Mooting Competition (where teams prepare and present a legal case) attracted 1500 competitors and 60 teams from around the world. The ANU team of Douglas Guilfoyle, Benjamin O'Donnell, Jeff Derix and Kevin Boreham thrashed Romanians, Bulgarians, and highly fancied Americans on the way to the final, only to be narrowly beaten by an unpronounceable Mexican University.

On the way, Mr Guilfoyle won the title of "Best Oralist".

The Debating Championship, hosted by the ANU, was won by the team of Nicholas Wood, Mark Thompson and Stephen Still. They defeated Monash University in the Grand Final of the Championship, debating the topic "That only God can save the Queen".

These Championships are the second biggest event on the Australian Debating calendar and this year attracted over 250 people from 12 universities across Australia participating.

The ANU also triumphed in the individual speaker awards over the weekend with Nicholas Wood receiving the Best Speaker trophy and Mark Thompson receiving the Best Novice Speaker trophy. There were five ANU participants represented in the Top Ten Speaker Rankings, including Paul Barnsley, Matthew Tinning and Jeanie Hayden, as well as Nicholas Wood and Mark Thompson.

The Easter Intersvarsity is primarily focussed at novice debaters, meaning that teams comprise mostly of debaters who have never competed at an intersvarsity level before. It hence forms the basis for developing new debating talent at the Australian Intersvarsity level.

in brief

West Report

The controversial West Report into Higher Education, chaired by former Head of Trinity Girls Grammar Roderick West, was released on April 17. It recommends to the Federal Government that the Tertiary sector should become more "market-orientated". To do this, the report suggests that a 'voucher system' be introduced, and that universities should be allowed to charge whatever they want as fees. Student organisations across the country have called the plan "ridiculous".

Happy Birthday

On May 5, it will be Ron Arad's 40th Birthday. Unfortunately, he has spent the last 12 years as a prisoner of the Iranians in Lebanon. He was captured when he bailed out of his military aircraft over Lebanese territory - what he was doing there in the first place isn't clear. The Australasian Union of Jewish Students is asking students to send a birthday card to Ron, care of the Iranian Embassy, 25 Culgoa Cct, O'Malley, ACT 2606.

Search for New Simpsons

Scary news for The Simpsons fans: due to a pay dispute, Fox television executives are apparently looking for cheaper voices for Simpson characters. Fox has rejected four cast members' claims for up to \$US 150,000 per episode - close to a five-fold increase. Soon Homer's "d'oh" may be unrecognisable.

Australia Online

A new internet site has been established to act as a gateway to Australia's culture and cultural organisations, resources, activities and events. Called 'Australia's Cultural Network' (address: www.acn.net.au), the site aims to introduce and explain Australia's cultural heritage. So, if you have a last-minute assignment to complete, or are just interested, this may be the place to look.

Uni Numbers Lie

Education Minister David Kemp has been accused of lying to Parliament over Uni student numbers. He claimed, in recent debate, that there were "10,000 more Commonwealth-funded places... than in Labor's last year." Opposition Education spokesman Mark Latham showed that Dr Kemp's own report presented a fall of almost 5,000.

Worrying water wastage

By Omar Singh

The ANU Facilities and Services Division has recently come under heavy criticism for its apparently high wastage of water. Fellows Oval (next to Chifley Library) and the walkway between the A.D Hope and Hayden Allen buildings are regularly flooded, and many people have questioned the need for such excessive use, especially during a drought.

Ron Hendry (the Assistant Director of Facilities and Services) was unavailable to comment on the issue, but the current manager Melinda Walker said the main problem with Fellows Oval was Scarab Grubs underneath the surface. These grubs are the prey of birds who rip up the turf to reach them. It is hoped that heavy watering combined with the planting of new seeds will strengthen the grass, and make it strong enough to resist the birds. The



Oval needs to be in good shape, insists Ms Walker, for upcoming sporting events such as soccer.

Ms Walker said that the flooding between the A.D Hope and Hayden Allen Buildings is not as bad as some people make it out to be. She explained that heavy watering was needed in this area to feed the Elm trees, (which are notorious for their high water consumption) and to keep the area looking green and healthy. A lot of people use the area to sit and relax, and many visitors to the ANU walk through the area, so it is important to maintain a good image.

Ms Walker did admit, after persistent questioning, that currently a lot of water was being used inefficiently. She stated, however, that the ANU is planning to use much more native plants and grasses in the future, which require less maintenance and water.

Cuts to childcare

by Matt Tinning

Further alterations to Federal Government childcare support are set to commence on 27 April, amidst confusion about exactly how parents will be affected.

The Students' Association Welfare Officer, Bronwyn Evans, believes that such changes "can only result in Childcare fees rising". Acute concerns have been voiced about the possible impact of such a move on student parents, although the Government has backed down on part of its plan, and will allow subsidised childcare for full-time students.

Elizabeth, a sole parent and full-time Economics-Law student at the ANU, expressed concerns regarding how the government's changes would impact upon childcare arrangements for her two-children. She has seen the

costs of childcare increase in recent months from \$147 to \$162 per week, and fears that things could be more difficult after 27 April.

"The worst aspect of these changes is the uncertainty. We've been told that changes are being introduced, but none, including Centrelink and childcare providers, seem to know the details of how they will affect us."

The National Union of Students has suggested that the latest round of childcare reforms should be viewed as part of a broader government agenda, featuring Austudy reductions and HECS increases, which will have a profound impact upon women's access to Higher Education.

Any student needing information or assistance regarding the childcare reforms can make an appointment to talk to Bronwyn Evans at the Students' Association offices, above the Uni Bar.

Graduates Galore!



The ANU's Autumn Conferring of Degrees ceremonies took place on 16 and 17 of April. Jenny, an organiser at Academic Dress Hire, fetchingly models 1998's latest academic fashion statement.

Campus View

We've hit the streets again to find your answers to relevant and interesting questions...

- 1) What do you think of the Union Court trees being cut down?
- 2) Have you ever written any graffiti around the ANU?
- 3) Do you hitchhike, or do you pick them up?

Janine, post-grad student



- 1) I know the reason they're being cut down, but it's still a shame. What about reforestation, perhaps?
- 2) No, but I've seen a great one: "I just had an orgasm and life is great!"
- 3) No, but I sometimes come close.

David, Union Court lounge



- 1) It's pretty crazy: do they have something against shade-providing, European trees?
- 2) No! What do you take me for, a wanton vandal?
- 3) My bicycle once broke down, and I (unsuccessfully) tried to hitch with a broken bike under one arm.

Margaret, some dull girl



- 1) I'm against that
- 2) no
- 3) no

Political Rant

Woroni, in a concerted effort to piss more people off, is establishing a new column: Political Rant. If you have deeply-held, extremist or unpopular political views, come to us - we'll publish what no other self-respecting paper would! First up:

Say 'No' to the Liberals' union busting

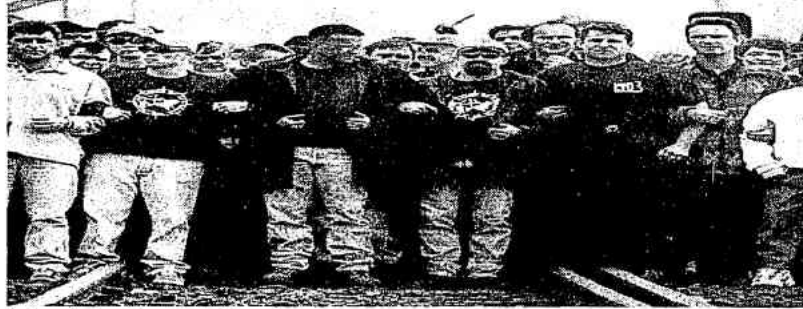
In the early morning of the 8th of April the Liberal Minister for Industrial Relations, Peter Rieth, announced that Patrick Stevedores had sacked their entire workforce of 1400. In a military style operation security guards swept on 17 ports around the country, kicking workers off the job and locking out the entire workforce.

So why should we support the Maritime Union of Australia? The attack on the MUA is a major offensive by the Australian ruling class to break trade union organisation and any organised resistance to the government

and bosses' attacks. With an economic crisis that is affecting the profits of bosses throughout the world it is in the Liberal Government's and Big Businesses' interests to break up union organisation, and ensure that ordinary people cannot effectively resist attacks on wages and conditions that will flow from the capitalist crisis in Asia.

The Liberals want to destroy unions because they know that individually we are unable to resist them. Our strength is in numbers and by uniting together in unions we have the potential to beat this rotten government and bosses' offensive.

— Ben Halliday



(above) wharfies block the railroad

No Diet Day

There has been a history of the downsizing of women, from the Marilyn Monroe 14-16 look, down to the size 8-10 Twiggy look in the 60s-70s. The 80s was the era of the prepubescent models in adult garb. In the 90s we watch the modelling/fashion industry promote anorexia nervosa and drug addiction as the going groove!

It is a fact in Australia that on any given day it is estimated that at least 30% of Australian women are on some sort of diet and nearly 60% will have attempted weight loss over the last year. Recent surveys from Victoria report that 60% of teen-

age girls believe that they would be happier if they were thinner. It is estimated that Australians spend a staggering \$1 million a day on weight loss attempts.

Okay, that's the bad news. The good news is that we are celebrating international No Diet Day. It's political, it's anti-diet industry-anti-modelling establishment-anti-putting women down day!

We are out to have fun, because grrrrls want to! and we are taking over Old Parliament House to do it.

The International No Diet Day is on Wednesday May 6 from 11-3pm, and is a feast of things things things, to do and be at. Of course, you bring your own lunch!

The SA General Secretary Responds to VSU Move

During the term break that old favourite of right wing ideological zealots raised its ugly head into the media spot light. After weeks of speculation, the federal minister for Education Dr Kemp confirmed plans to introduce national voluntary student unionism (VSU). The Students' Association (SA), with its small portion of General Services Fee (GSF), assists clubs and societies; organises O-Week and Bush Week; makes representations to the University and to governments; provides a Welfare Officer to assist students with Austudy, housing, financial difficulties, and other problems; and publishes your student Diary as well as this newspaper - *Woroni*.

If the sinister minister were to be successful in his anti-student organisation campaign, the results

would be devastating to the intellectual and cultural diversity of our campus life. Bar and food prices would go up immediately, clubs and societies would have to charge more or perhaps cease to exist, O-Week and Bush week would become mere shadows of their former selves, and maybe *Woroni* would also become a victim of Kemp's will to destroy dissent.

The most bizarre part of this is that while it may sound good to some to have the choice of belonging to your Students' Association, you will still have to pay the GSF to the University. Universal membership of the SA is an important tenant of University life - it's part of a tertiary education. The choice lies more in whether or not you wish to be a member of the University community.

— Jason Wood

environment report

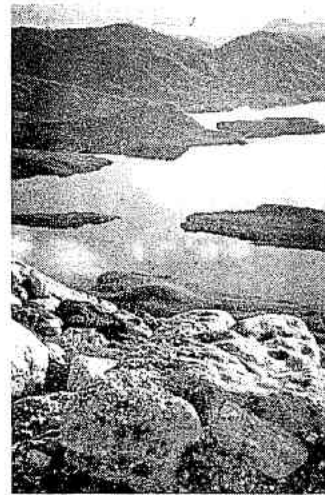
Hi! I'm Emily and I'm your new Environment Officer on campus. Along with your other Enviro Officer, Llewellyn, I am here as a representation of students' voices on environmental issues at the ANU. Although I'm here and I'm keen, it was an unexpected call to office. I entered the environment department meeting thinking "I should get off my ass and get involved". I must admit that I did not expect to be getting *this* involved. However, now that I'm here, I'm really excited and aim to give it my heart and heaps of energy into helping change things (if not globally) at least here on campus. Being my third year of study in a BSc (Resource Management & Environmental Science) it seems about time I get involved and have a voice in the uni on environmental affairs.

I think that one of the main reasons why most people, who do care about their lifestyle in relation to its

impact on this planet, don't make many of those necessary changes is because of the inaccessibility of information and support on environmental issues in Canberra. One of the things we will be doing this year in the environment department is putting together a handbook to inform everyone on what there is in Canberra that's really groovy and environmentally aware.

Other things to be aware of this year and to look for further information on are: The Students' and Sustainability Conference about half way through the year, to be run at the University of Tasmania; World Awareness Week, here at the ANU, where we need a lot of help on the organisational committee if anyone is interested; and getting loud, funky, and obvious recycle bins all around campus.

If you are interested in getting involved in any of these initiatives, please join your campus environment group or contact us in the SA offices.



sexuality department

As most of you who read *Woroni* would be aware, there has been a lot of debate recently about what *Woroni* should or should not be publishing. The most recent (of many instances) was the abortion feature, which sparked the theme of the last edition of *Woroni*, the "blandest issue ever", in which the editors not only patronised women, but once again trivialised homophobia in their 'Who's That Girl' feature. But then again, what is to be expected of a tabloid that last year accused the Sexuality Department of inventing homophobia because queers didn't feel persecuted enough?

I for one am sick of seeing either sexist or homophobic material, or both, in every issue of *Woroni*. The Students' Association Constitution prohibits the publication of any sexist, racist or homophobic material in any official publication of the SA. The problem is though that hardly anyone in the SA, in particular the SRC members, are willing to make *Woroni* abide by the constitution. Considering that it costs the SA an average of \$2000 or more for each edition of *Woroni* to hit the street, the magazine should be accountable to students. Just like the SexDept has to abide by the constitution, *Woroni* should too. Let all the reps in the SA know that what

Woroni is doing is just not on. This debate is not about freedom of speech, or censorship — it is about supporting basic human rights. If *Woroni* was publishing racist material, everyone would be up in arms, and the editors could not get away with it. Why is it different when women or queers are attacked? Make your voice heard!

To quickly do some housekeeping: The posters from the 'Famous Slogans' campaigns have still not been distributed as I have been flat out with exams and assignments. I will try to get the posters out and about in the first week of Term 2.

For those of you interested in mingling with other queer students, there are two conferences coming up. The NUS' Cross-Camps Sexuality Network is holding 'Talk Fest 1998' in Coffs Harbour in May, and the Queer Collaborations Conference is on in June/July, in Tasmania. More info on these available from the office.

And lastly a quick reminder: a meeting of the SexDept has been called for May 27, at 1pm in The Bridge. Among other things, you will be electing female & male Sexuality Officers. Nominations for both positions close May 25 and must be made in writing to the office.

Til next time,
—Matt

Opinion



President's Report

Busy Times

Welcome back. There is plenty happening at the moment to keep your student representatives busy. It is well worth knowing about.

1. Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) legislation

On Tuesday April 14th, Dr. David Kemp announced that it was the Government's intention to introduce VSU legislation at the end of this year or early next year. This would mean that students at ANU could choose not to pay the \$180 General Services Fee. It would also mean that the SAs ability to represent students would be undermined, that the SAs provision of welfare and loans support would be substantially diminished, and that the campus culture promoted through O-Week would decline.

It is important and necessary that student organisations justify levying a compulsory fee (and this is perhaps the one good thing to come from the threat of VSU). I would submit that compulsory membership provides benefits

which apply to everyone which could not be achieved otherwise. The same applies to compulsory taxes, compulsory voting, compulsory seatbelts and compulsory education until 15. Compulsion must be justified (and for more on this, see the letters to the editor) but it is not always bad.

2. The Higher Education (West) Review

As expected, the proposals in the West Review are generally disappointing (more on this when I've had a chance to fully digest its recommendations). The only good news is: "The Committee's fundamental recommendation is that no student should be liable for an up-front fee to participate in higher education." Hopefully this will increase pressure on the Government to abolish up-front fees for undergraduates and postgraduates. We'll see ...

3. Budget and Election '98

There may be a little joy in this year's budget if the Government starts porkbarrelling before the election (excuse my cynicism). It is hard to imagine how any positive budget proposal could be well motivated given the substantial damage which has been done to the higher education system. We'll be trying to remind the public of this at every opportunity.

4. National Sorry Day - May 26th

All things going to plan, the Uni-

versity will be participating in National Sorry Day activities. Stay tuned for more details or come to the SA to find out how you can help.

5. Arts Faculty

Currently we are sitting in the eye of the storm, waiting for the redundancies to hit. Make no mistake, there is every likelihood that there is much bad news to come. We will continue to do our best to put the students' case to the Administration. Your help and support has been and will continue to be most appreciated.

6. Other stuff

Thanks to the hard work of many student representatives, we have continued to improve our office arrangements. The SA has finally established a Web page (<http://student.anu.edu.au/Association/>) - thanks to David Baker. We are near the end of a tendering process for new computers which will improve services for Clubs and Societies and assist the Executive in their duties - thanks to Nick Prosser. Ours accounts are slowly being transformed into a satisfactory state after several years of dereliction - thanks to Jonathan Tonge and Karen Hagen. Very shortly we should have organised enterprise bargains for our two staff members and drawn up proper duty statements. Hopefully all this will ensure the office runs more smoothly and accountably in the near future.

Education Officer Report

James Connor



The SA is stepping up its campaign to stop and reverse the cuts to education quality at the ANU. The next stage of our campaign is to increase the pressure on the Government and University, to make sure they realise in no uncertain terms that we are fed up with cuts to library services and increased fines. That we shouldn't have to pay extra to dial into servers on campus. That students must not have courses cut after they have started. In light of the West report we need to make a stand now.

We are instigating a letter writing, faxing and E-mail campaign targetting the Minister for De-Education Kemp, the VC and Faculty Deans. Come along to the stall this week in the Union Building and sign some letters. We are also creating a 'sea of degrees' display for University Council on Friday May 8. So sign the 'degree' and help maintain the pressure. Remember, quality education is why we are here.

Opinion

The West Report... Scary Stuff for Uni Students

The Federal Government has just released the West Report into Higher Education. This report has no good news for students; in fact it is extremely regressive and if implemented will ensure that most people will not be able to afford a tertiary education.

The first measure is the introduction of a 'voucher' system. This means that instead of the Government paying the institution on the basis of your enrolment, you, as the consumer, get given funding vouchers by the Government which you then pay to the university.

The rationale is that if you have control of funding you can make a more informed 'choice' about which university offers the best degree. You become a customer and the market will regulate the sector and everyone will live happily ever after... yeah right.

'Choice' is this indistinct term that is meant to be good no matter what. In the case of students 'choice' is clearly not going to help. How will students make an informed decision about the relative quality of degrees? If you don't live near several universities, distance will stop any choice. Further, universities will waste more precious resources on marketing campaigns, to enable you to make an informed 'choice'.

As part of the scheme, the Federal Government would no longer regulate tuition fees after a phasing in period. Universities would be able to charge as much as they want for a degree. So, a law degree currently costing \$5500 a year will cost as much as the uni wishes to charge. The extra fee that the uni might place on a degree, above the value of the voucher, will have to be paid by you, either up front or as a loan from the Government.

And this is where it gets even worse. The loan from the Government could be charged at a real interest rate, yes market interest rates on your loan/HECS debt! Many students would never be able to repay their debt.

Also recommended by the Report is a limit on public funding for degrees. This limit will be one bachelor degree with honours or one combined degree. Any study beyond this will incur full fees. If you fail any units you will then be charged extra under these proposals. Once you run out of public funding you will have to pay the full cost.

The Report says nothing about providing livable Austudy or removing income or background barriers to education. There is no point having choice if you cannot afford to come to uni in the first place.

The universities will have to compete for students, this will result in the larger, more established universities getting bigger, and better funded (because they can charge more) and smaller universities losing out. The gap between rich and poor will only get wider.

To be fair, there is one student friendly recommendation in the Report. It calls for the introduction of a higher education ombudsman to investigate student complaints. At least you'll have someone to complain to when you can't afford to study.

The Report, if implemented, will result in quality higher education only being available to those that can afford to pay. Publicly funded accessible higher education is a fundamental of a fair and democratic society... not a wonder the Government wants to restrict education to only the wealthy.

James Connor
Education Officer.

comment comment comment comment

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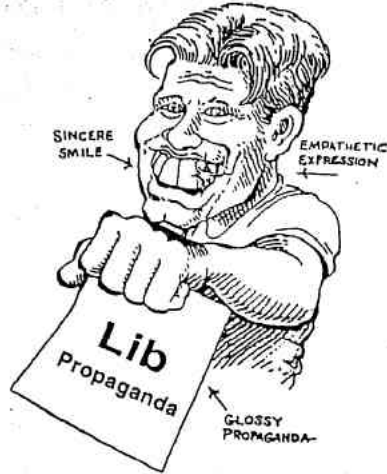
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Head 2 Head

The campaign to affiliate the ANU to the National Union of Students is off and running, with a fair amount of exaggeration, hyperbole and outright lying coming from both sides. Do you want to know what the NUS is? Do you want to know how it will affect you? Do you care? If so, read on as Tim Dixon (very anti-NUS) and Stephen Schneider (very pro) go head to head...



Here we go again. Once more, the National Union of Students is invading our campus, throwing us pamphlets in an attempt to convince us to affiliate the ANU to their union.

All I ask is that you look a little deeper than their superficial, shallow bullshit.

You see the thing to remember about NUS is that they are a joke; a pathetic, inept and expensive joke. Everyone knows student politics, and student politicians and 'activists' are jokes. And that's all NUS is: student politicians plotting and negotiating with each other, from around the country, and getting paid shit loads for it.

Even if you believe there should be some nationwide grouping for representing students to the federal government, NUS is not the answer. They are corrupt (a few years back the General Secretary was charged with fraud 22 times, relating to student money) and more concerned with protecting themselves than accomplishing anything. Why do you think they will be mounting such a glossy campaign? Because that is where most of their money goes — into trying to affiliate unis, and trying to stop the rest disaffiliating.

It may surprise you to learn that NUS has tried to affiliate the ANU at three separate referenda, in addition to four meetings of the Students' Association. On each of these occasions we have overwhelmingly rejected them.

This begs two questions. First, why do they keep coming back? The answer is simple. The NUS will get \$55,000 a year of our money, to be taken from our SA budget. And of course this is set to rise: NUS fees are now four times what they were eight years ago, and they're still going up.

President Harry has already squirreled away enough money, just in case this kind of 'contingency' occurs. They put aside \$55,000 just in case they managed to affiliate us, instead of putting it in student services, like Clubs and Societies, O-Week and Bush Week, and perhaps subsidising food and bar prices.

Which leads us to the second question: what exactly does the ANU get from membership of NUS? Well, not much. NUS is a huge bureaucracy, spending (in 1996, for example) in excess of \$1.6 million of students' money on things like salaries for student politicians, travel allowances for student politicians, mobile phones for student politicians and refurbishing offices, you guessed it, for student politicians.

Of this budget, only 4% (\$64,000) was actually spent on lobbying the Government on education issues. Yes, that is

the only reason for NUS's wretched existence but student politician salaries (38% of budget) must come first.

This would account for their litany of failures with regard to defending students' interests. Just look: in 1989, NUS failed to stop the introduction of HECS; in 1990, NUS failed to stop increases in HECS repayment rates; in 1991 and 1992, they failed to stop increases in HECS; in 1994, they failed to stop up-front graduate fees; and here we are facing some of the biggest 'reforms' of higher education since 1996, implacably opposed to by NUS; Have they altered the policy in even a tiny way? Not a chance.

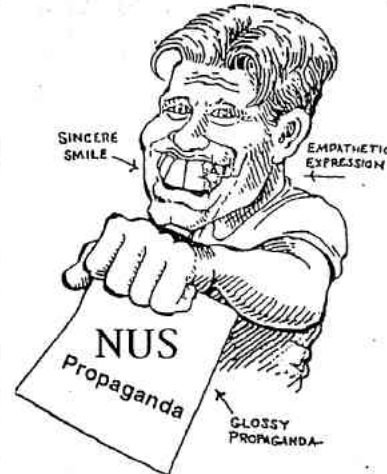
Organising effigy burnings and what-not doesn't help. I doubt one NUS delegate can tell you which Government backbenchers are on the government Employment, Education and Training Committee — those who should be lobbied as they decide government policy.

ANU students, lobbying sensibly by themselves have a much better chance of affecting policy with regard to the ANU, than being shackled to some extremist organisation. We are the only university in the 'Group of Eight' universities that has successfully opposed up-front fees. Every other uni in this group, affiliated to NUS, now has upfront fees (up to \$110,000). That's some success record, NUS. Good-on-ya! Is the VC going to listen more to the elected head of the ANU's students or to some professional 'activist' sent up from Melbourne?

Another explanation for their failure to defend students' interests is that they behave in an extremist manner, the result of which is that they have given students a bad name. This was evident in their role in the riot of Parliament House in 1996, as well as riots in both Sydney and Melbourne. NUS does students more harm than good through this immature behaviour. While it may be fun, who honestly thinks that people watching the news are going to think "Gee, they sure showed those souvenirs good and proper! Of course we should subsidise their education more."

So which ANU students would actually want our money to go to Melbourne? The answer, of course, is the student politicians. Not only will our delegates get \$28,000 a year, they also get mobile phones and a big annual conference held in Melbourne every year (costing \$150,000), paid for by NUS (that is, by affiliated students). And just imagine how good that will look on their CVs.

So if you are interested enough, or bored enough, to read this far: please vote against NUS. Maybe they will get the message eventually. Don't just sit there and be apathetic; everyone will be forced to pay to join if they win this vote. And tell your friends in the pub to vote against them, and ostracise those who say they will vote 'Yes' — because these 'friends' believe we all should be press-ganged in without a choice. In fact, make a drinking game out of it: What do YOU think NUS stands for: National Union of Spongers, Nonsense Union of the Self-important or Network of Unwashed Socialists. My favourite is No-hopers and Unemployable Shitheads. What's yours?



Once again, ANU is in the middle of a campaign for an NUS referendum. In looking at why we should affiliate to NUS, we need to look at several relevant arguments affecting students in 1998.

This is even more necessary when I consider that I probably have a Coalition-supporting student writing against me who will totally ignore genuine student issues for the sake of a political rant. In 1998, students are once again under attack from the federal government.

This is not a new thing by any means, and we have seen successive Labor governments sticking it to students long before the Liberals did. But let's be realistic. Honest John and Dr. David Kemp have taken to student services and rights with the most active slash and burn policy since the Vandals sacked Rome.

The idea of up-front fees and reduction in public funding for Higher Education will see the universities of the 21st century turn into elitist institutes for those who can afford it. When Liberals say they believe in making the rich pay, they fail to mention that the poor can go without.

The National Union of Students is Australia's biggest representative body for tertiary students, and has committed itself at all times to campaigning for equitable, fully funded, higher education. They have had substantial wins in lowering the Austudy threshold, securing assistance for students on Austudy and have been active on the issue of Up-front Fees and Kemp's \$2 million screw-over (known as the West Review). In light of the difficulty students have in voicing their concerns, NUS has been highly effective in gaining ground and publicity in student areas.

This in itself debunks the Liberals' claim that NUS is ineffective. But this amounts to little more than hypocrisy when we consider that the Liberals on campus, who are so active in attacking NUS, are members of the party that is so actively attacking Higher Education. They are also absent when it comes to addressing student needs, unless they can get a substantial honorarium from the Student Union (which they would also like to see axed under VSU legislation) for doing so. At all times they are interested in one thing: themselves, which echoes their federal

friends once more.

The real issue is that NUS, in attempting to look after student issues, campaigns against the Liberals. The federal government has demonstrated time and time again that they can't handle criticism, taking the knife to ATSIC, and more recently the MUA. One could suppose that these attacks are a little too close to the bone for an inept government. So in retaliation the Liberal government seeks, as all good despots and imperialists do, to wipe out dissenting political organisations — particularly if they have the word 'Union' anywhere in their name.

One can see this irrational fear of anything that might be called socially responsible by the fact that the Liberal party can afford to pour so much money into defeating NUS. Does any of that money reach students through other channels? Hardly. This is part of the reason they can't put their name to the leaflets they produce — who could take seriously anything from a party that shows contempt for all minorities and lower classes in the country?

Let's be realistic. If John Howard is only happy when he's bashing the aboriginals, then David Kemp is only happy when he's doing over students (not to mention the unemployed and youth). The unfortunate thing is that he gets students themselves to run around doing his dirty work. The anti-NUS campaign is part of the same issue, and involves nothing more than scare-mongering. There is no substance to the claim of a rise in our GSF, as it is capped at \$180. Further, the Students' Association invites these Liberals to have a look at the real figures.

The ANU affiliation fee would be around \$30,000. However, due to the organisational structure of NUS, the ACT will actually receive \$45,000 back from the National Office. We benefit more by joining NUS than not. There is a moratorium on the level of GSF — so that cannot change. The Liberals know that they face strong support for any organisation which is effective in opposing the regressive agenda of their political masters. NUS is such an organisation. The Liberals' other arguments (on issues such as the closure of Russian) don't even rate mentioning. After all, it's the Liberals that are to blame anyway.

The last issue I want to raise is to do with the right to have a referendum. This allows all students to have a say on the issue of NUS, and again the Liberals campaign against it. Just as they've done in the dispute on Australia's waterfront, these autocrats want to dictate to us who we can associate with, removing at the same time any right to say anything. Not only do they campaign against NUS as an organisation, the Liberals also campaign against giving students any kind of say in the matter.

debate

Letters

Woroni loves to be hated, and loves to be loved. If you've got letters just drop them into the Woroni office of the universally despised at the Student's Association or e-mail on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au, or try faxing on (02) 62493967.

Censor this!

Dear Woroni,
What's this? Censorship rears its ugly head?

We women students of ANU really have to thank "our" department for their patronising treatment of us. Apparently, we are so weak and timid that we faint at the sight of a foetus. We are so weak-brained that if we had been allowed to read the abortion debate in Woroni for ourselves, we could not have judged its quality for ourselves. We are so frail, our dainty feminine bones so tender, that we do not have the strength to tear up our own fucking copy of Woroni, if we so wished. Why my hand is trembling with exhaustion, my bosom heaving with maidenly distress, as I attempt to finish this letter...

What's really disgusting is that a select and unrepresentative few of the very select and unrepresentative "women's department" have laid their attitude to censorship and their intolerance of debate at the door of all women. They do women an injustice in assuming that all women are as intolerant and irrational as themselves, and in perpetuating a stereotype of women as victims incapable of thinking for themselves.

The worst crime these people are guilty of however is their contemptuous treatment of Katie Fraser. It is insulting her to suggest that she would let something inherently unfair to women be published in Woroni. She did all the work of inserting the corrections in Woroni, only to have her hard work ripped up by her friendly sisters in a certain department — a department which claims to support and represent Ms Fraser and all women at ANU, regardless of their opinion on abortion or any other issue.

It is obvious that when that ripper-upper of Woronis, Ms Harriden, uses the word "women" it means "women who agree with me". This is an inappropriate attitude for a member of a department that claims to represent 50% of the population.

What is clear from this sad episode of violent censorship, is that it is not about abortion at all. It's about attacking the right to present in a student publication more than one point of view. The classic role of such a publication is to provoke, to be controversial, and not a bland censored rag that must conform to some official opinion imposed from outside by people who, not happy with having a voice within the publication, seek to control the entire publication, and thus everyone else's voice.

Long live Fraser and Shanahan, and their right to do their job without interference!

Long live controversy! Long live debate! Yay for offensiveness and bad taste! In short, long live Woroni!

Felicity Joseph

We love to be loved

Dear Eds,
I am compelled to write to you concerning the persistent attacks made

against you and your paper. While I may personally agree with some of the substance of the complaints levelled towards the last 3 issues, I also feel that your detractors have no appreciation of the amount of time and effort that is poured into the publication of a student newspaper. Further, this job is a thankless task with little reward. Much of the latent grumblings focus on content and a supposedly offensive sense of humour. Well, in regard to content: you can only publish what you've got - I'd hate to see what you reject - and if those amongst the Woroni readership don't like it, then perhaps they should shut up and start writing themselves. As for the supposedly offensive sense of humour: some people do actually find it funny.

Don't let the whingers get you down...

Love

Angelica Wales

The last abortion letter... please

Dear Woroni,

In response to Jerome Brown's letter in the last issue of Woroni, I found problematic and insensitive his discussion of "...women who take the courageous decision NOT to abort...". To me, this suggests he believes that women who decide to have an abortion are taking the easy way out. To go through the turmoil, angst, and emotional scarification that most women who make the decision to have an abortion go through is certainly not easy in my book. Granted, women who make the personal choice not to abort are indeed courageous, but what some people fail to realize is that it takes a hell of a lot of courage and strength for a woman to make the choice to have an abortion as well. It is not simply a matter of "Oh, what a hassle, I'm pregnant, better go have an abortion." It is a hard, tough decision to make, and one, I would assume, that no woman who has ever been through the experience would wish upon her worst enemy. To judge and condemn a woman for making decisions about her body, her life and her future is abhorrent and inexcusable. It is impossible to know what is right, moral or just for any individual unless you are standing in their shoes and faced with the same choices.

Kate, 2nd year Arts

Halliday has his say

Dear Woroni,

I'm writing in regard to two contributions in the last issue of Woroni. Response has to be made to what passed for political insight by Angelica Wales and 'Pierre Cardigan'. In the gutless tradition of the Right, 'Pierre', like most Liberal propaganda, didn't identify himself when writing the same old tired Red baiting rant in his letter "ANU problems can be solved through violence" in the last issue. Aside from having nothing intelligent to say about politics the letter had nothing to offer but personal insult and patronize first year students. Angelica's over the top cynicism in "The case for not giving a toss" makes the same old arguments which underlie Pierre's non-contribution to the battle of ideas. Angelica and Pierre fall into the same boat as every other "apathy addict" People such as Angelica and

'Pierre' have nothing to say about the material world we live in and have nothing to offer but their banal satire of anyone who does. Their view of political ideas and activity are at best simplistic and at worse childish. Their

Quite often an "information session" for dim-witted first years would occupy the only lab, leaving one working computer to be used by half the student population. Second, they have installed the American version of Word on all their

pus with bigotry and poor taste.

A more appropriate phrase might be "Shanahan is a reactionary little toad who will be up against the wall come the revolution".

Yours Sincerely,

The Man With the Batik Bag

Nick Tolley's lone reader outraged

Dear Woroni,

The collected political musings of Nick Tolley, I don't think, will ever be acclaimed and published, and thereby comprise a valued contribution to modern political thought; or at least as they have appeared variously in Woroni, and the organ of the Liberal Students' Club, Patriot (what meaning, incidentally, does the latter title have? Are competing brands of political thought somehow traitorous? or, to use that horribly hollow word, un-Australian? It reeks of those very now concepts of Empire, and the Red Peril).

In his article of the Woroni past (50, 3), Tolley writes that effective representation requires that students have the ability to communicate their disapproval of the organisation... by withdrawing their funding if they wish. Hunh?! What theory is at work here? Does the self same theory compel us to demand a return of our tax dollars in order to 'communicate our disapproval' at a government's performance?

Dissatisfaction has, in our democracy, altogether less absurd forms of outlet. I for one am happy to help fund the collective aspirations of my nation: whether these projects be health care, independent broadcasting or social reform. In the same way, I know that only a small proportion of my annual \$180 is ever returned to me directly, but can reflect contentedly on the good my GSF does do in supporting the multitudinous pursuits of a diverse, vibrant student community.

But it would appear that diversity is altogether loathsome to Mr Tolley. What else is one to infer when someone refers to money spent on aboriginal issues, support for hideously repressive political regimes and homosexual rights as an 'abuse of student monies'? Underlying such indignation can only be an antipathy against groups which have, historically, suffered horribly: queers and blacks, amongst others.

How very, very laudable.

It's patent that our dear Old Nick knows as much about reasoned, civil political discussion as he does about the correct placement of apostrophes. Anyone who can include, without irony, the words 'simple as that' in a political piece really can't feign even the slightest understanding of the issue at hand. If Nick's handful of years at our University have revealed to him nothing but the straightforwardness of the world, we can only surmise that he was meant for a somewhat less rigorous institution.

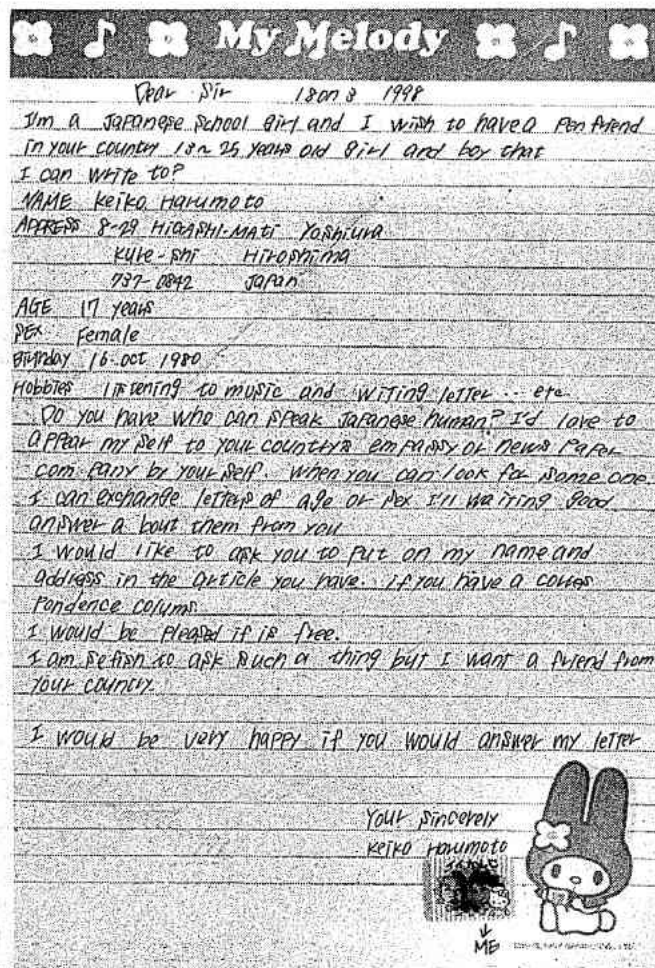
Matthew Bogunovich

Steph's literary wank gone horribly wrong

RE: Error, p.23 - What I'm Reading - 'Stephanie: 1st Year Science'

'Out of Africa' by E.M Forster - I don't think so!

Try Isak Dinesen - aka Karen Blixen



argument goes like this, 1 All students are apathetic, they don't give a shit about anyone or anything particularly political ideas or activity. 2 Since 'students' are all apathetic anyone who is interested in doing something about anything particularly if it involves politics, has broken with the mass of students and therefore must be branded and ridiculed as "radical" or as a "student politician". You see this argument passing as satire articulated in frequency in Woroni Pierre and Angelica line up with the Right every time because of their paranoid fear of political ideas and activity by ordinary students. These peoples addiction to apathy means that they are human garbage who try to suck the life out of anyone who is interested in ideas or activity. The "apathy addicts" such as Pierre are so cynical and apathetic that they try to drag everyone down to their level of high school humour and personal insult. The ideas that lead to any activity is abhorrent to people such as Pierre because it disrupts there addiction to apathy and a non changing world. The "apathy addicts" will always sit on the fence and pay out anyone in political activity. They never construct a political argument and offer no ideas as to what is going on in the world let alone offer a solution. The tide of political events and history means that human garbage such as Pierre and Angelica will be swept into the dustbin of history.

Ben Halliday

Socialist Worker Student Club

Angry geeks! Head for the hills!

Dear Eds,

Is it just me or does TLTSU suck? First, it takes them half the holidays and most of the semester to get the computer labs up and running in Chifley.

upgraded Macs, so that if you try and write Gael; the spell checker changes it to Jail. If you try and write grey, it changes it to gray, and worst of all, if you try and write "Smartie" it changes it to "M&M".

And don't think that I'm not pissed off at you Woroni. There aren't enough computer references in your mag. Sure, you cater for the law student yuppie, who can afford to go see all those movies you review. You cater for the arts students with all your confrontational features, and you cater to forestry students with regular nudity. But where is your section for computer geeks?

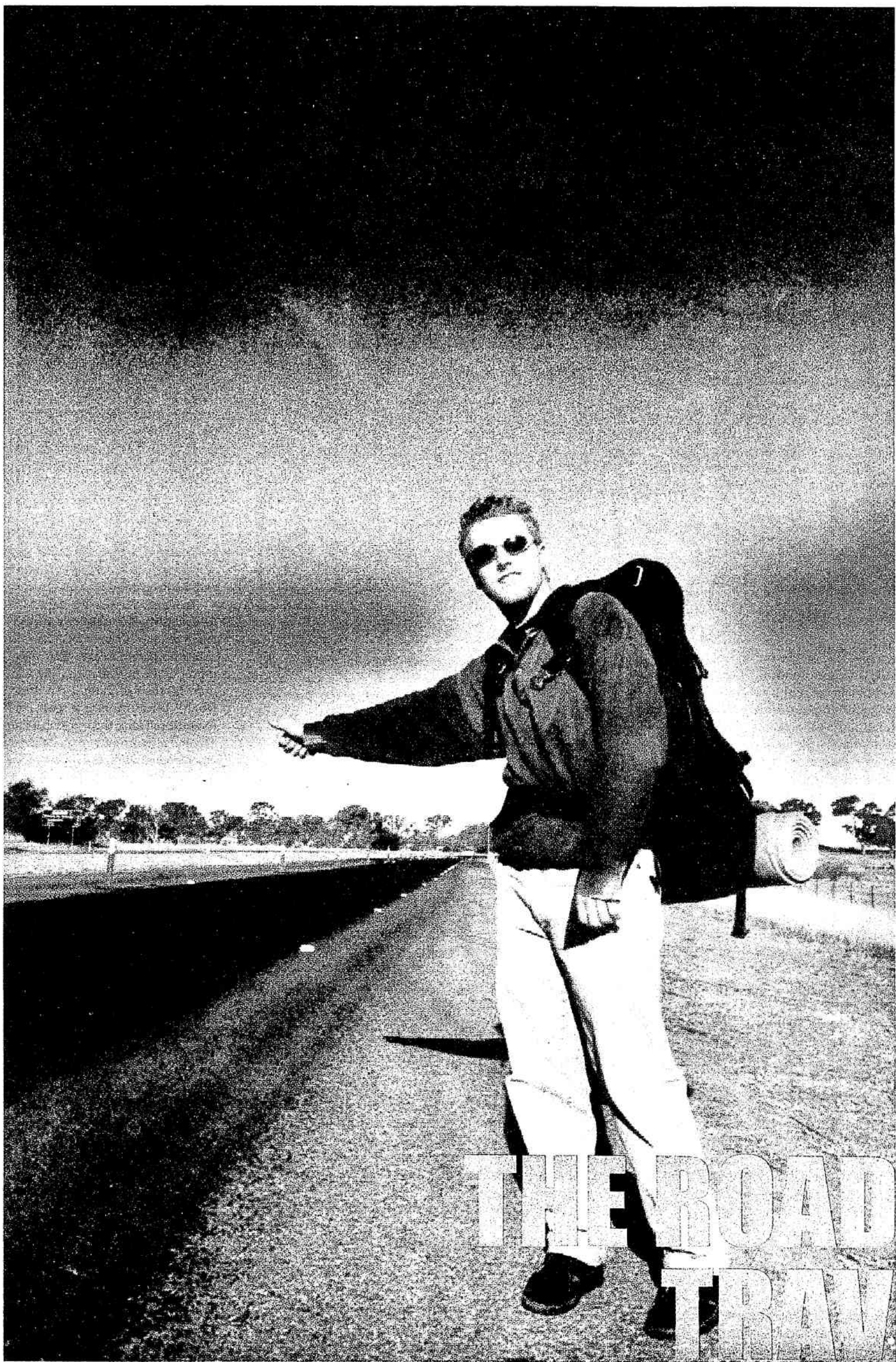
I think you should have a full page dedicated to those hard working net-freaks. You could call the section "Computer Geeks Quarterly" (CGQ for short) or "Computers are way Cool". You could do articles on how to type with one hand (for when you're getting hot and heavy in a chat room), the coolest labs to hang out in on campus and the latest in Computer Geek apparel. You could have a pin-up, alternating between Bill Gates and David Duchovny. Maybe as a treat you could have a "special sealed section" with pictures of Gillian Anderson wearing brief undergarments. 15 ways to play practical jokes with email, and the ten reasons why Picard would kick Cameron's butt any day of the week. Come on Woroni, lift your game a little.

Mike Roechip

Shanahan is not a cunt

I'm writing to object to the back cover of the last issue. Firstly, I dislike the use of the word "cunt" as a term of abuse — it has misogynist overtones.

Secondly, it is an insult to a harmless piece of female anatomy to associate it in any way with Brendan Shanahan, synonymous around cam-



THE ROAD **LESS** TRAVELLED

Hitchhiking gets a lot of bad press but is the only free travel ticket that society offers. Daniel Landon returns from the post-Milat roads to look at the good, bad and indifferent aspects of the thumb in the wind. Photos by Susan Loy

Part of the rich tapestry of student life is getting used to being at the bottom of the social heap. Until (hopefully) entering the workforce, students are viewed as one of the lowest bunch of people in society: bumming round campuses all day, scabbing money from the government and doing courses in elemental dog-turd sniffing 1001.

An integral part of this experience is being poor, or if not poor, certainly not well off. This manifests itself in many ways: concession fares and tickets, Home Brand two minute noodles, dodgy share houses, and, oddly enough, hitchhiking.

Bumming rides off strangers is in no way confined to students, but facing a lack of funds and suitable transport, and the necessity of getting home for a good feed or getting to Sydney for some life, hitching is a useful and best of all — free — means of getting around.

Standing by the side of the road waiting for lifts takes character. Enduring the snide looks from conservative types who reckon anyone who can't afford a car obviously hasn't worked hard enough. Shamefaced excuses and hidden faces from people with seats to spare but too afraid, possibly justifiably, to give a lift to a stranger, and abuse from kids ('Get a horse' is my personal favourite) takes determination and an undying belief — often in the face of overwhelming desperation — that a lift will arrive any minute. The rewards from subjecting yourself to all this, as you'll see later, are great: free transport, and sometimes a free meal or enjoyable chat about anything in particular. Without wanting to romanticise or demonise the practice however, hitching does carry its very bad as well as its very good points.

Concerns about the safety of hitchhiking have been around probably from the time that people invented roads and things to drive or ride on them. This has especially been the case in the last few years with the backpacker murders by Ivan Milat. The seven hitchhikers that Milat picked up ended up in little pieces buried in Belanglo State Forest — just off the Hume Highway on the way to Sydney. A quick survey of hitching stories in newspapers over the last 20 years revealed a horrifying array of fatal car crashes, muggings, robberies, assaults, rapes, murders and even blackmail, on both hitchhikers and those who picked them up. The constant theme was a plea by police not to put your life in jeopardy by hitchhiking as the driver may just be a maniac. The best was an article from the late 70s where a psychiatrist tried to reason with young women that although all men have sexual urges, some are unable to contain them in suitable forms, and that getting in a car with a man might just set off a sexual urge that could involve grave danger to your person. Apart from the seven hitchhikers killed by Ivan Milat, according to the Sydney Morning Herald (14/11/97) since the start of 1997 six young women and teenage girls have been murdered or have disappeared while hitchhiking or walking beside major roads. This stat is enough to have any well meaning parent crapping themselves over the thought of their children accepting lifts.

This is in addition to the numerous horror stories that people tell. "Oh, my mates sister's boyfriend was almost stabbed by a psychotic guy in a nice looking Saab," or "I once scored a lift with a nutter on an acid trip, who had chewed off most of his thumb while on a nasty trip a few months before." Whether or not these stories are true is liable to a little speculation, but stuff like this is enough to deter all but the most hardened from taking to the roads,

and give hitching in general a bad name.

Hitching is not illegal in the ACT or NSW, but the response of police to Woroni's inquiries on the safety of hitching, and giving hitchhikers a lift was enlightening to say the least.

"We don't like it because people end up dead." So there. Constable Darryl Webb from the Australian Federal Police certainly has a delightful way of putting things.

This was miles away from the "We don't suggest you do it, but in general it's fine you'll be ok" response I had expected. When pressed, the only piece of advice the cops had was a very firm "don't."

(The official line from the AFP was: "Police don't encourage hitchhiking in any way shape or form. We think it's a dangerous practice.")

Constable Webb pointed to many cases, as well as Ivan Milat, that are evidence of the danger. Rather than risking life and body (yes this expression was used), the police suggested car pooling and taking it in turns to take your car somewhere. Or for less than you'd spend on a night out drinking, one could secure peace of mind by travelling on the bus.

One of the most serious safety factors concerns hitching for females. Just about everyone (including Lonely Planet in its Australian guidebook, which does give some hints on hitching) says its fucking absurd for women to hitch alone, and not much better with two women together. Although this is a bummer of a call for women wanting to go places for free, it is hard to ignore the dangers of a female alone beside a lonely highway.

After listening to all the official police talk, it was hard not to think that the next time I ventured out to the side of a highway thumb stuck out, I'd be ripped limb from limb.

It is exactly this feeling of extreme physical danger that foreigners have about hitching in Australia. You would have to have been living or buried under a rock not to notice the recent fuss over the backpacker murders, but it was surprising and a bit dismaying to learn that news of Milat's butchery had reached Europe. It would be hard to overstate the damage that the Belanglo Bastard has done to Australia's reputation as a good place to hitch. Australia is still considered a remarkably safe place to travel especially when compared to the USA or South Africa, but our reputation as a heavenly destination for backpackers has taken a big kick in the pants.

Although willing to hitch in New Zealand, many young foreigners are unwilling to do so in Australia. Finn, a traveller from Brighton in England said he was practically begged by his parents not to hitch in Australia after they saw reports on the news about Ivan Milat. "They fucking freaked when I mentioned hitching. They pleaded with me not to do it." Even travellers who do hitch were doing so after hearing some dodgy stories about hitchhikers in Australia being set upon. Most worrying of all was a big Yankee guy from New Jersey who rated hitching in Australia as dangerous as doing so at home — "It's something you just don't do buddy, you'll get shot or killed."

Feeling a bit dismayed by all this horror talk? Don't be. There is also the side to hitching that Police, parents and upright community members would rather ignore...

Why bother paying for a bus, train or petrol when you can get where you're going for free? It is the instant financial appeal, and to some, the undisputable logic of this question which continues to attract people to the side of the road. Students can get to Sydney and the South Coast for only \$20 on the bus,



(inset) Hitchhike to Sydney and meet exciting Christians

and if there are a few people in the car, \$5 in petrol and \$5 for the obligatory greasy burger from one of the crap new service complexes on the way. This is money however that could be well spent elsewhere. Constable Webb's argument falls flat when you consider that you could hitch to Sydney for free and spend the money drinking in a pub — \$20 will buy a lot of schooners.

And for those poor sods who can't keep away from Canberra, or those who have to get away, travelling to and from the South Coast, Wagga or Sydney every few weeks gets expensive. Long distance relationships can start to look pretty unappealing if it's going to cost at least \$40 a pop just to see your partner.

For residents of smallish country towns and outer suburbs of big cities with lousy public transport, hitching can be a virtual necessity. The everyone-knows-everyone else atmosphere can cut down on the worry factor a lot, and makes hitching an attractive alternative to walking or catching non-existent bus services. Young teenagers (13, 14 and up) hitching between towns to parties and friends houses is certainly not uncommon in rural areas.

The other not inconsiderable benefit of hitching is the legend people you come across. Despite the dodgy ones, most drivers who pick up hitchhikers are genuine and well meaning people. Many, like insurance salesmen and truckies, are on the road regularly and enjoy a bit of company that doesn't involve a cassette tape of Kenny Rogers' greatest hits, and, for the seriously involved, there is the possibility of sharing a part of the drivers life. The attraction of being able to blurt out some highly intimate details of their personal lives to someone they'll never see again is just too

strong for some people. A cry for help from a dead-end salesman can sound pretty bloody intriguing at 2am. Call me strange, but these windows into the soul of another person are good for a laugh afterwards and a better introduction to elementary psychology than a first year course. Hitching veterans will tell you that the good experiences far outweigh the bad. Indeed it is not uncommon for drivers to share a picnic lunch, or shout dinner for a poor unfortunate hitcher, or even to drop you exactly where you want to go, rather than dumping you in a seedy part of town like the bus or train station. Several guys I know have all got more than just lifts through hitching: accommodation, food, beer and cones have all come his way more than once.

Drivers are (usually) interested in what you're doing, where you're going,

Bumming rides off strangers is in no way confined to students, but facing a lack of funds and suitable transport, and the necessity of getting home for a good feed or to Sydney for a life, hitching is a useful, and best of all, free, means of getting around.



(inset) Women should never hitchhike alone

who you barrack for (is it just me or are the majority of drivers Collingwood supporters?) if you're in a relationship, and if not, why not. This makes a pleasant change from the bus. If you have ever caught buses you'll know exactly the John Candy from *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* type of person who seem to plague public transport. In addition, the odd driver who picks up hitchhikers is a first rate classic. A five hour drive passes real quick when the guy who picks you up has a top drawer repertoire of dirty jokes and funny stories.

But better than anything, hitching requires a higher standard of conduct from both parties, simply by virtue of the fact everyone is a stranger. It wasn't until I sat in the back of a 1976



Kingswood on the way back from Sydney with four other guys farting and burping themselves into a state of delirious toxicity, while being subjected to U2, Michael Jackson and a mobile number being taped to the window in a crude attempt to pick up chicks (I kid you not), that I realised how pleasurable a polite and well-mannered trip can be.

After weighing up all the pros and cons of hitching, there are a fair number of people who reckon hitching is the business. Amongst tourists there is a small but dedicated bunch who, despite Australia's vast size and emptiness, manage to hitch their way around a whole continent. One of the most unflappable people I have ever met was Chris, from Leipzig Germany. This fella had been hitching for six months straight. Sydney - Cairns - Darwin - Alice Springs - Adelaide - Canberra, he had seen them all and considering all the meals he's been shouted, has probably made a slight profit on transport costs. But overall, the bad press and long distances make hitching a far less popular activity than in New Zealand or Ireland.

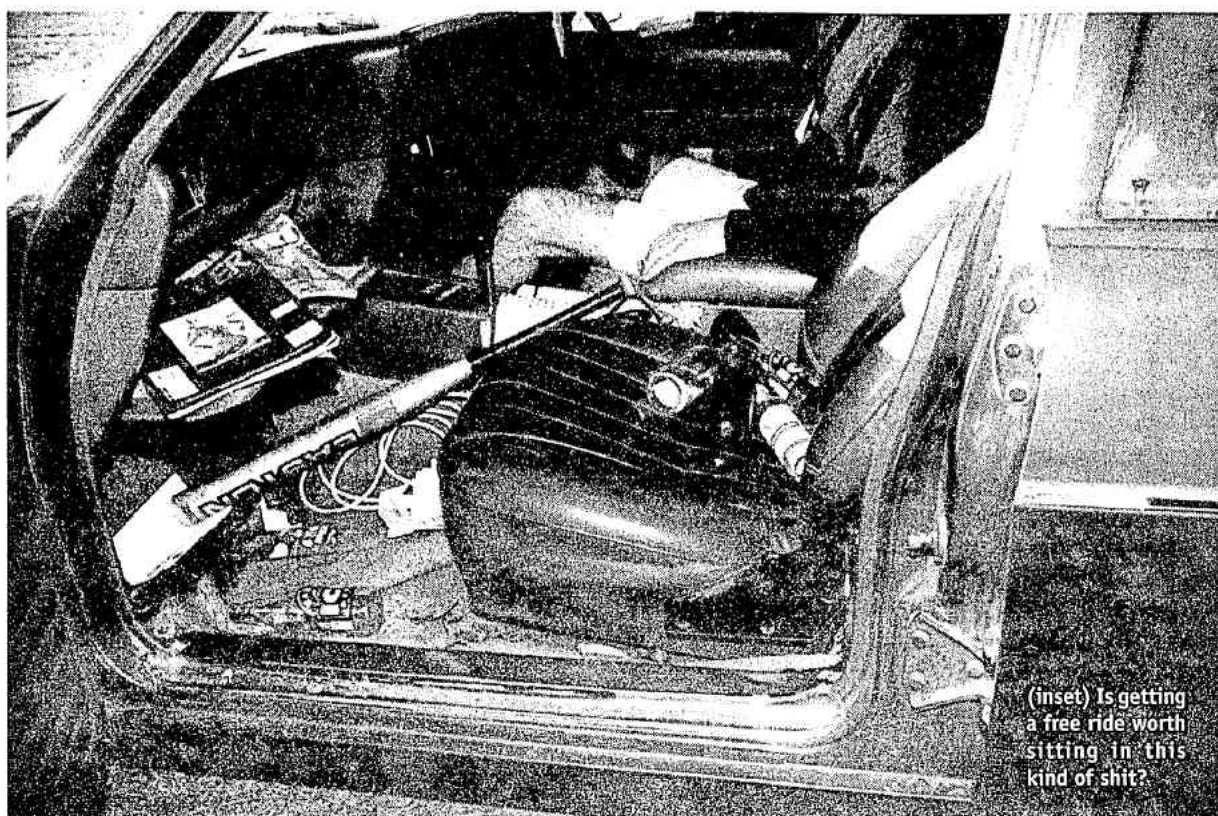
Hitching isn't a mainstream pastime amongst locals either. People who spend large amounts of time on roads around Canberra rarely see hitchhikers. Winter however brings quite a few ski workers to the side of the road, with the Cooma to Jindabyne road fairly popular. The other great bastion of hitching is the hitcher culture which, having existed in a nomadic atmosphere for decades, seems to have its own intangible spirit. These are hard core people, with the type of phlegmatic and unflappable go-with-the-flow nature that every traveller wishes they had: "This place rocks, we'll stop here and hitch out later when we get bored", or "No lift, fuck it — we'll camp out for the night." Although this attitude doesn't suit everybody, it beats the crap out of travelling on buses and trains with neurotic Chevy Chase from *Vacation* types who must see the next town or tourist attraction by 5pm. Whether they are getting from one place to the next, or just bumming round the countryside, in my book the phlegmatic hitching attitude has to be admired. There is nothing like waiting hours in the cold and rain (and the resultant flu) for a non-existent lift to deter one from hitching for life. Yet these dudes hitch for years. My uncle is 65 and is still getting lifts up and down the NSW central coast. This culture is especially prevalent along the coast in Summer when surfers hit the road. Hitching can become art when you see surfers piling themselves and a couple of boards into an already overcrowded Sandman van.

If you do want to hitch, (and Woroni is not suggesting in any way shape or form that you do), there are a few things you can do to make your experience a bit easier.

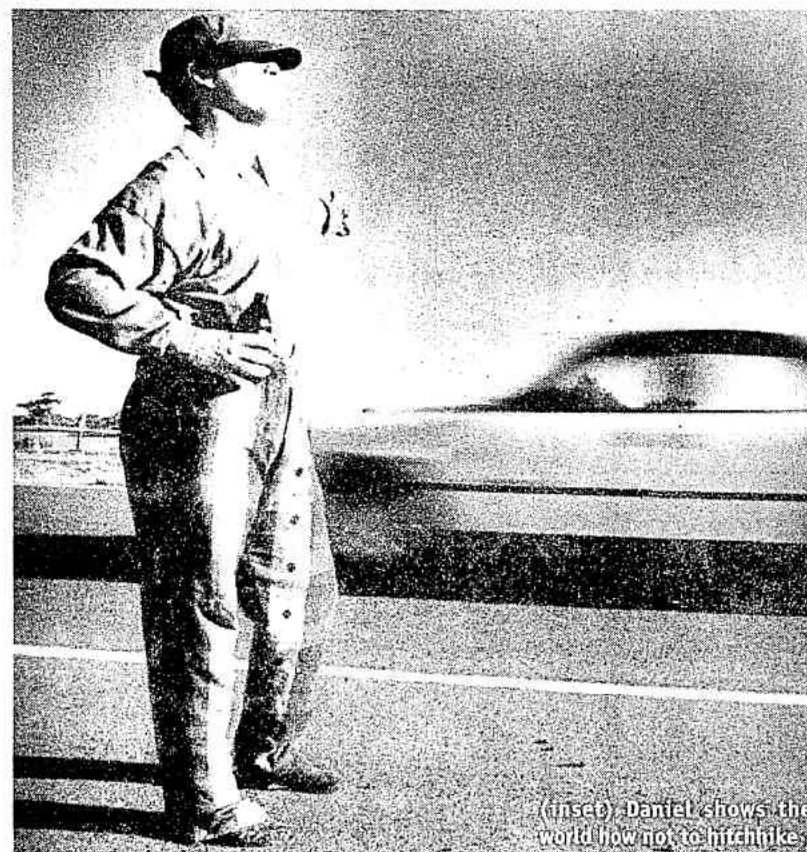
First, look relatively presentable. Jag gear is going a bit too far, but a Megadeth t-shirt, ripped jeans and thongs may not be conducive to getting a lift. Second, work out good places to get lifts from. The side of a busy highway isn't so great when you could be standing just outside a town or on the slipway leading to the highway, before drivers have settled comfortably into fifth gear. Third, size up truckies at roadhouses. Some truckies can be neurotic due to having to haul 10 tonnes of metal between Melbourne and Sydney in 11 hours, but they are usually pretty decent guys. Fourth, avoid V8s (nice people but they get drive too fast), Volvos (for obvious reasons), and cars with a fish on the back (symbol of a fundamentalist Christian, and liable to subject you to hours of the Lord's great deeds). Fifth, believable hard luck

stories and compliments about the driver and their car are good, but remember big cars are often making up for other inadequacies, so take care on this point. And sixth, the best combination of safety and attractiveness is to have a guy and a girl hitching together. Hitching solo (especially for women) can be a bit risky, while two guys will face a long wait for a lift.

Last, and this is by far the most important: use your commonsense. If someone looks dodgy, don't get in the car. If someone starts to act a bit weird, say this is where I wanna go, get 'em to stop, and get the hell out. It is far better to be dropped in the middle of nowhere than be driven mental by a psycho nutcase threatening to hurt you. Or in a last resort say you're going to spew on the dash. Nothing scares the shit out of a driver more than having some loser threaten to spoil their car with a load of cheap highway food. This works a treat.... trust me!



(inset) Is getting a free ride worth sitting in this kind of shit?



(inset) Daniel shows the world how not to hitchhike.

Apart from the seven hitchhikers killed by Ivan Milat, according to the Sydney Morning Herald (14/11/97) since the start of 1997 'six young women and teenage girls have been murdered or have disappeared while hitchhiking or walking beside major roads'



(inset) Even Cowgirls get the Blues

ANU's hitching horror

Strange shit happens on our highways and byways, and it seems that if you're an ANU student, and you hitch long enough, you get to see a lot of it...

Within five minutes, or ten minutes, no more than that, Geoff realised he had made a mistake in getting into the car. He'd stood by the gravel verge of the Federal Highway for the best part of three hours, as the sun went down, the clouds crept over (it began to rain) and the cars just kept driving by.

Some drivers looked apologetic (and a little guilty), others just looked straight through him, as if he wasn't there. Geoff was used to it. He hitches up to Sydney every weekend; a third year ANU Arts student, he doesn't have a job or a car. But he does have a girlfriend, and she lives in Glebe.

The rain was no problem at first, but by the time the red, beaten-up Honda Civic pulled up fifty metres down the road, Geoff was soaked through. He ran, no, he *sprinted* those metres - he didn't want to spend a sodden Sunday night 38 kilometres out of Goulburn, standing at the start of a farm road his last ride had turned onto.

"Hey man, you are fantastic! I've been standing there for hours. Heading to Canberra? I'll try not to dirty up your seat."

The guy just said, "I wouldn't worry about that." And he laughed.

It was odd. Geoff had caught a lot of rides off a lot of different people in the eight months he'd been hitching, with a fair number of eccentrics. He figured they needed someone, anyone, to talk to. But this was different - it had to do with the intense, cloying smell, and the way the driver was paying more attention to the side of the road than the road itself.

Geoff stopped chattering, looked over his shoulder, and saw a backseatful of pulverised, bloody, furry flesh. A road-kill kangaroo, to be exact. Geoff is man enough to admit he screamed. Loud. But the guy seemed ready for it, and the car hardly veered at all.

"Holy shit, did you hit it? Is that why your car is smashed?"

"Oh no, just found it by the side of the road. I reckon it was killed only three, four hours ago. Car that hit it must've had a roo bar, 'cause the beast is smacked up good. Still good eating though."

Geoff's experience with 75 kilos of very dead kangaroo is just one of the weird, scary, or decidedly unpleasant experiences had by ANU students as

they attempt to travel at someone else's expense.

Claire, in her final year of Economics and a veteran hitcher, outlines the problem. "You see, as the person standing out there with your thumb out, drivers get to *pick you*. You just don't know if your next ride is with a harmless granny, or a complete psycho. You're the one taking the risk; if a driver doesn't like the look of you, they can just keep driving.

"But you don't really know who's picked you up until the car's moving - and then it could be too late."

Claire has had a number of problems on the road. Her biggest was as she hitched up the Queensland coast, when she was picked up by a honeymooning Irish couple. The husband and driver, Dan, had been drinking heavily and insisted on leaning into the back seat and explaining to Claire the intricacies of Ireland's political system. Well, that's what Claire thought he was talking about - his accent was so strong, and his speech so slurred, that she found it best to just nod in agreement.

Suddenly, they had pulled into a road-side motel, and as the wife paid for accommodation, Dan tried to take Claire into a room. It turns out Claire had unwittingly agreed to a *menage-a-trois*.

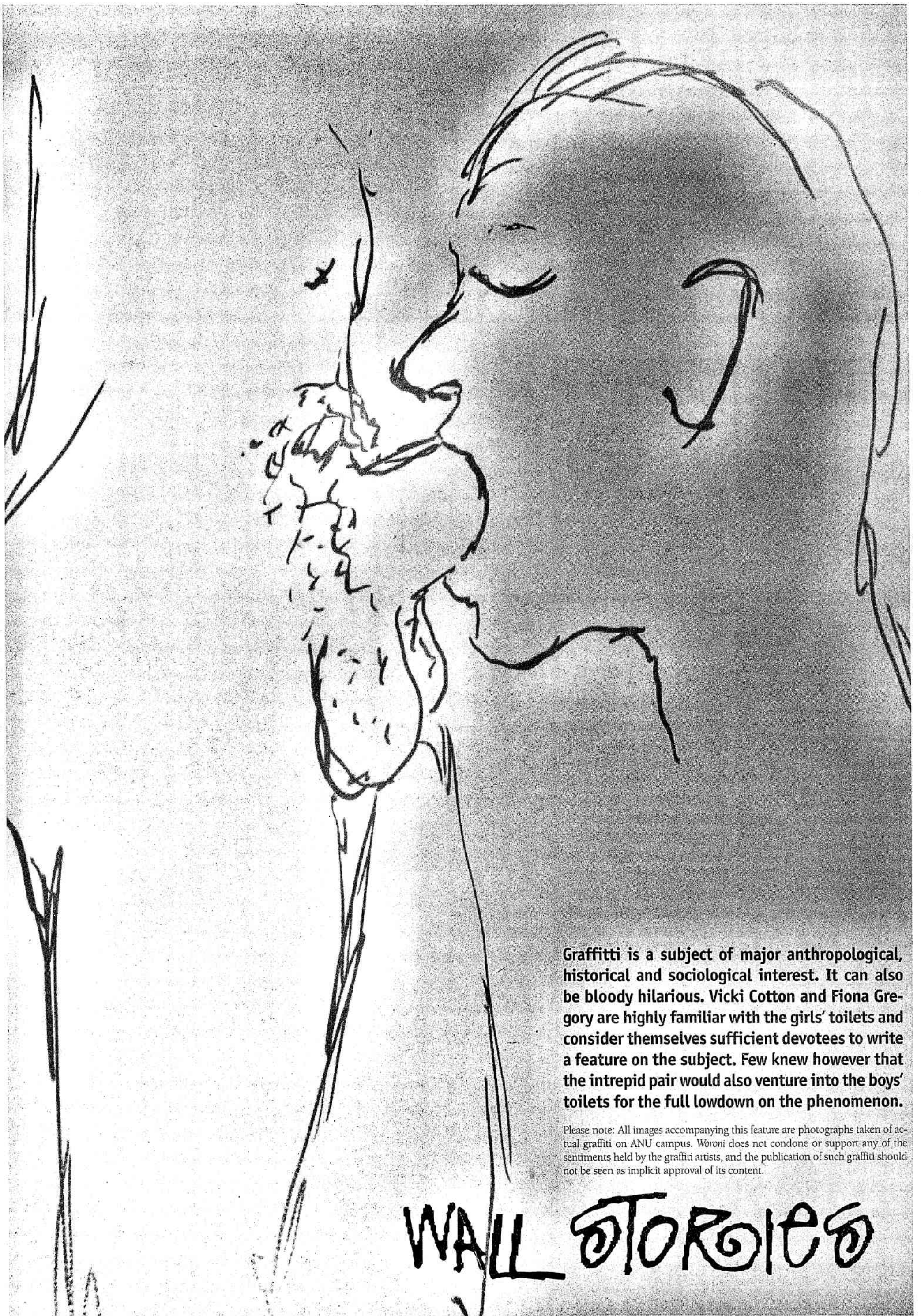
"As soon as I found out exactly what they thought I'd agreed to, I bolted!" said Claire. "It was really bizarre. They weren't violent or anything - they just assumed that would be my idea of a good time. It isn't."

A common experience amongst ANU hitchers appears to be rides with religious zealots who cruise the highways looking for possible converts to their faith. Several people have been picked up by born-again Christians, who give you a lift and then harangue you about your sinfulness. They invariably offer to drop you off at your front door, no matter how out of the way.

Craig, an Arts/Law student who's been in this situation, says "I strongly recommend not letting the 'Born-again' know which house you live in. I did, and two days later he was at the door demanding 'repayment' for the lift - by going with him to church! Jesus, he was insistent. It got so bad I had to tell him to piss off or I'd call the cops."

However, despite the kangaroos, amorous Irish couples, and fervent Christians, Geoff, Claire, and Craig all agreed they'd keep hitching. "It's kinda fun, just because you never really know what's going to happen

—Michael Cook."



Graffiti is a subject of major anthropological, historical and sociological interest. It can also be bloody hilarious. Vicki Cotton and Fiona Gregory are highly familiar with the girls' toilets and consider themselves sufficient devotees to write a feature on the subject. Few knew however that the intrepid pair would also venture into the boys' toilets for the full lowdown on the phenomenon.

Please note: All images accompanying this feature are photographs taken of actual graffiti on ANU campus. *Woroni* does not condone or support any of the sentiments held by the graffiti artists, and the publication of such graffiti should not be seen as implicit approval of its content.

WALL STORIES

The desire to make anonymous declarations upon items of public space remains universal, and is particularly well represented in Canberra. In underpasses and on bus shelters in the suburbs, in alleyways and on shopfronts in the heart of our city centre, practitioners of this subversive art have used civic buildings and structures as their canvas. The walls and doors and road signs of Canberra are liberally adorned with graffiti.



In a cubicle in the women's toilets on the first floor of the Baldessin building one woman was obviously so perturbed by the absence of diversionary writings on the brand new walls that she added "I've left a pencil in the corner."

Graffiti people have been doing it for years, literally thousands of them. Graffiti is an Italian term meaning 'scratchings'. The word was first applied by archaeologists to the casual writing that proliferated on the ruined buildings and monuments of Ancient Rome and Egypt. The content of these scribbles were mainly obscene terms, nude drawings, lovers' messages, political slogans and poetry. Sound familiar?

Any toilet wall or library desk at the ANU offers its audience the same kind of reading. The issues that concern the human mind most — sex and politics — do not seem to have changed all that much in 2,500 years.

The desire to make anonymous declarations upon items of public space remains universal, and is particularly well represented in Canberra. In underpasses and on bus shelters in the suburbs, in alleyways and on shopfronts in the heart of our city centre, practitioners of this subversive art have used civic buildings and structures as their canvas. The walls and doors and road signs of Canberra are liberally adorned with graffiti.

These marks alter the surface of fair Canberra. They are emblems of disruption amidst an otherwise all pervading sense of order. The presence of graffiti provides reference to Canberra's less public face. With its message of youth, boredom, anger and creativity, the graffiti in Canberra holds the admirable power to shock its audience of placid public servants.

Yet when you look around at the use, and abuse, of public space by the pens of the graffiti 'artists' at the ANU, the sense of shock is less admirable, and the element of anger inherent in writings elsewhere gives way to a hefty dose of angst. There are a lot of troubled people roaming the fairways of our university — every time you settle down at a desk to attempt to get some work done you are confronted with their woes.

"Graffiti is the liberation of the insecure."

So says an anonymous writer in Chifley library, alluding to an important feature of graffiti.

Those well-spaced, infrequently frequented desks on the top floors of the libraries supply the scribbler with the privacy and publicity he or she requires. The

desks are designed for a series of single users, and as such allow a very private voice to be made quite public. The writer is afforded both anonymity and exposure.

Desires, laments, prejudices and histrionics that we would not, or could not normally utter in public, or put our names to, can nevertheless be released for public consumption. It is this sense of the writer's need for 'release' that the reader feels when viewing the graffiti around uni.

"Where was I when my soul burnt out leaving me grasping for you. So I try not to feel for I am nothing more than oily canvassed skin but I'm not bitter just empty and slightly confused for I've mended my scars, retraced my fears but the pain remains the same."

This angst-ridden inscription is not the kind of writing that seems intended to provoke a response, or initiate discussion. The projection of this poetry onto a desk in the top corner of Chifley library is a cathartic exercise for the writer.

Perhaps by moving the canvas for this catharsis from the private space of the journal to the public space of the library desk, the feelings expressed also gain strength and permanence in the eyes of the writer. He or she knows that other people are witnessing 'the pain'. The writer's feelings and experience become 'known', even though they are never identified as the feelings and experiences of a particular individual.

"I AM UGLY"

In poetry and in such revealing statements as that above the writer exposes his or her angst, and possibly re-assesses it. Literally seeing our darkest thoughts presented in the cold light of day may inspire us to enact change. It is a form of graffiti that is highly self-indulgent.

This use of public space to facilitate a meditation upon the self, invites the reader to observe the workings of the mind of an individual.

Other types of graffiti seem designed to provoke the reader to switch to the other side and become a writer. Desks and cubicles in the libraries and toilet blocks of the ANU provide evidence of writings that are works-in-progress, whereby a series of people respond to an initial statement.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"Young."

"Not here."

"A teapot."

"The owner of an enormous penis."

The discussion may be centred upon one subject, or it may meander. Following the aforementioned comment "Graffiti is the liberation of the insecure" are the offerings:

"Insecurity is a myth perpetuated by the CIA", and

"Is there some kind of conspiracy theory going on that I don't know about?" These writers have chosen the angle they want from the previous statements, and ignored the idea of the original writer, which was about writing on walls.

The choice of angle the writers take provides an insight into his or her character. The movement from the initial idea is characteristic of graffiti discussions on desks in the libraries. However, in toilet cubicles the discussion is more likely to focus on a central idea. The initial statement from which the discussion stems is often one of prejudice and hate, a statement to which people feel

compelled to respond.

The women's toilets on the ground floor of Chifley library provide a pertinent example of this. Graffiti covers the wall and door of the end cubicle in response to one individual's assertion that "Gays are unnatural".

"Who cares about it apparently not being natural. It all has to do with LOVE — that's natural, pure and special."

"It's fairly obvious you have had little to no contact with openly lesbian and gay people. Despite the fact that you've probably been taught by queers, served food by queers, driven in taxis and buses by queers, worn clothes designed by gays, your doctor may be a lesbian, or gay, and on and on and on and on it goes. Gay and lesbian people are everywhere. Closeted, out, open — they are everywhere."

Toilet cubicles and bathroom walls are liberally adorned with graffiti, and it seems to be in these smallest rooms that patrons most desire the presence

of graffiti. Should the occasional cleaning up exercise have removed the graffiti, it is here that you are most likely to see a pencilled injunction to "please write on the walls".

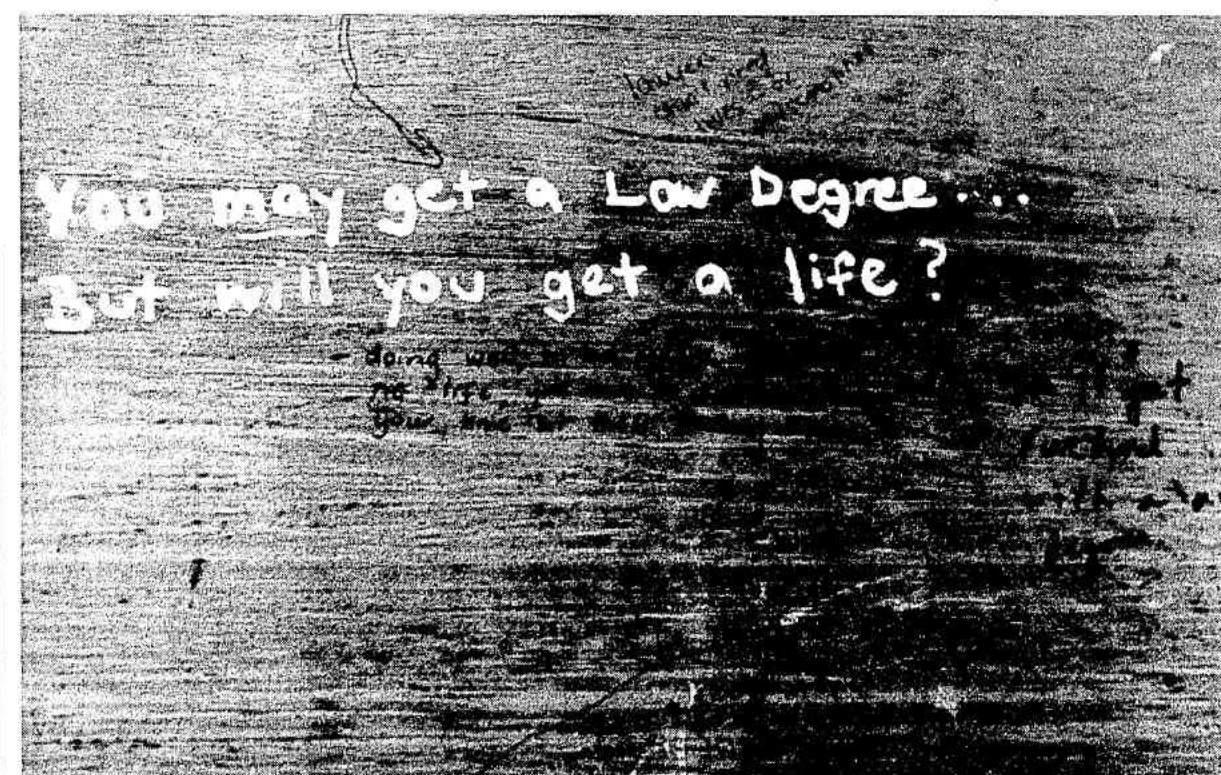
In a cubicle in the women's toilets on the first floor of the Baldessin building one woman was obviously so perturbed by the absence of diversionary writings on the brand new walls that she added "I've left a pencil in the corner." The pencil is long gone, but her wish has nevertheless been granted — the cubicle is covered in miscellaneous musings, many of which have been signed by an individual or organisation working under the name 'B.L.I.S.S'.

Many of the statements in this cubicle are concerned with notions of love, marriage and commitment. They are characteristic of the writings that appear in other cubicles in this respect.

In both the male and female toilets throughout the university the graffiti is predominantly focussed upon issues of sex and sexuality. Yet there is a clear distinction between men and women in the types of ideas of sex and sexuality that they express.

Graffiti in the male toilets is

Desires, laments, prejudices and histrionics that we would not, or could not normally utter in public, or put our names to, can nevertheless be released for public consumption



most likely to be concerned with what may be termed the 'private' body. It is focussed upon sex as personal gratification. The graffiti includes pornographic drawings, suggestive comments, details of particular desires, and requests for assignments.

"Any uncut guys want some hot sex, meet here and make a date."

The graffiti concerning issues of sex and sexuality in the female toilets is more concerned with the 'public' body. It is about issues such as rape, domestic violence, homophobia, and abortion. Whilst the graffiti in the male toilets shows the male body to be autonomous, to be able to freely seek and engage in instant gratification, the female body is bound by the strictures of society, and the threat of violence inherent in this society.

Whilst many of the comments are feminist and inflammatory, a large number are highly conservative, and whilst most are sensitive to feminist issues, some are markedly less so, as demonstrated in the women's toilets on the ground floor of the Copland building.

Most of the graffiti in these cubicles is centred on the issue of rape, and there are numerous warnings from women to other women to look out for themselves:

"This area is unsafe, there have been rapes in the building in broad daylight. Always walk with a friend. Report all incidents to security and if you need help, contact Women on Campus in the Rapunzel Room."

"Learn to defend yourselves you whingeing tarts! Weakness and flirting and stupid clothing attract unwanted attention."

"That is the most senseless and cruel piece of writing I have ever seen."

"Have you ever been raped

by 2 guys with weapons? Not everyone has self confidence."

There will continue to be responses to the second comment, because it is designed to attack and offend. It is difficult to interpret the writing as expressing anything other than a real belief on the part of the writer.

There is a lot of ill feeling expressed in the graffiti around campus, and also prejudice, hate, and intolerance.

Sometimes these comments seem to contain genuine emotion, for example the latter above comment, but often the desire to be deliberately provocative and to spark a flurry of impassioned responses is all too apparent. Then it is not the initial comment that we question, but the minds of the people who have bothered to respond, to those who have risen to the bait. The use of sarcasm and irony runs

riot, as befitting an Australian university. There is often an attempt to undercut the previous writer, to remove the worth of what they are trying to express, and to make their comment look ridiculous.

"There's too much hate covering up these once white walls."

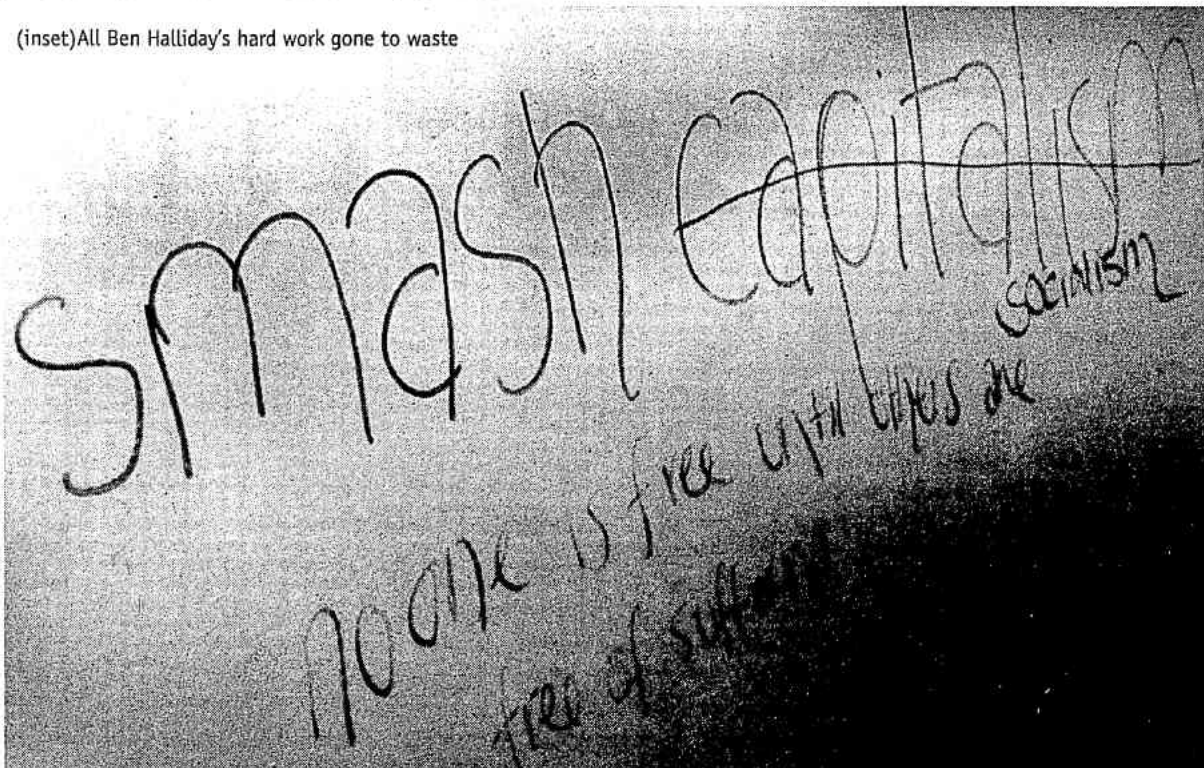
"Actually the walls are brick, and this is a desk which is actually brown."

The graffiti around the ANU, akin to that of Ancient Rome, demonstrates that people will always viciously attack other people and their lifestyles ("One day I'm gonna bash you faggots, bloody queens"), express their politics ("All Liberals are bastards"), and project their traumas ("I am in despair because the man I love does not love me") for the eyes of the world to ponder. Personally, we advocate the Bambi perspective - "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all."



(above) An example of graffiti that can be full of "prejudice, hate and intolerance"

(inset) All Ben Halliday's hard work gone to waste



Surprisingly enough, Bruce Bailey, Acting Manager of University Maintenance, revealed that vandalism levels in general have actually dropped over the last ten years. It seems the 1990s ANU student is just that little bit more apathetic.



(above) Bizarre desires to be Jabba the Hut meet cryptic references to "laptop fags"



Bruce Bailey, Acting Manager of University maintenance reckons that the graffiti around the ANU is pretty 'mediocre'.

Having worked in similar institutions for around twenty years he said, "nothing shocks me anymore, I've seen it all." Although he has no idea just why students feel the need to express themselves in this way he is pretty sure that, "they don't do it to their own bedrooms at home." And he's probably right.

But Bruce very generously pointed out that Maintenance is well aware that, "students aren't always to blame", and much of the offending handiwork is actually wrought by non-students passing through the university.

He says the graffiti hot spots are the union buildings with Chifley Library also "copping a lot."

Removal generally takes place twice a year during the holidays, but if you've written some message that is really offensive Bruce will, "deal with it straight-

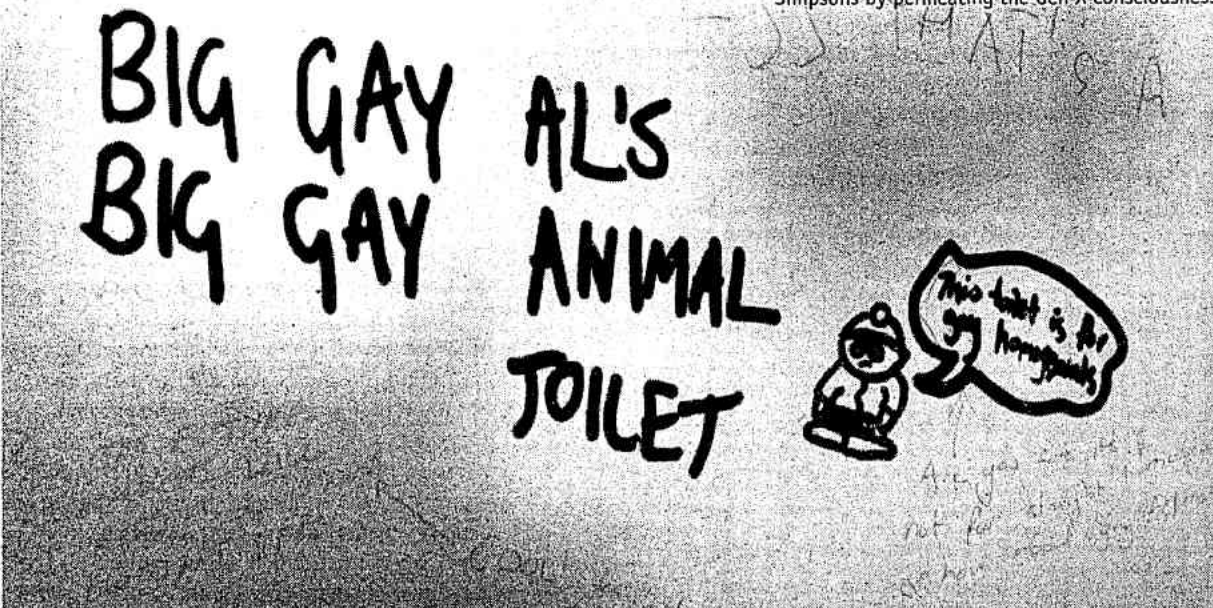
away."

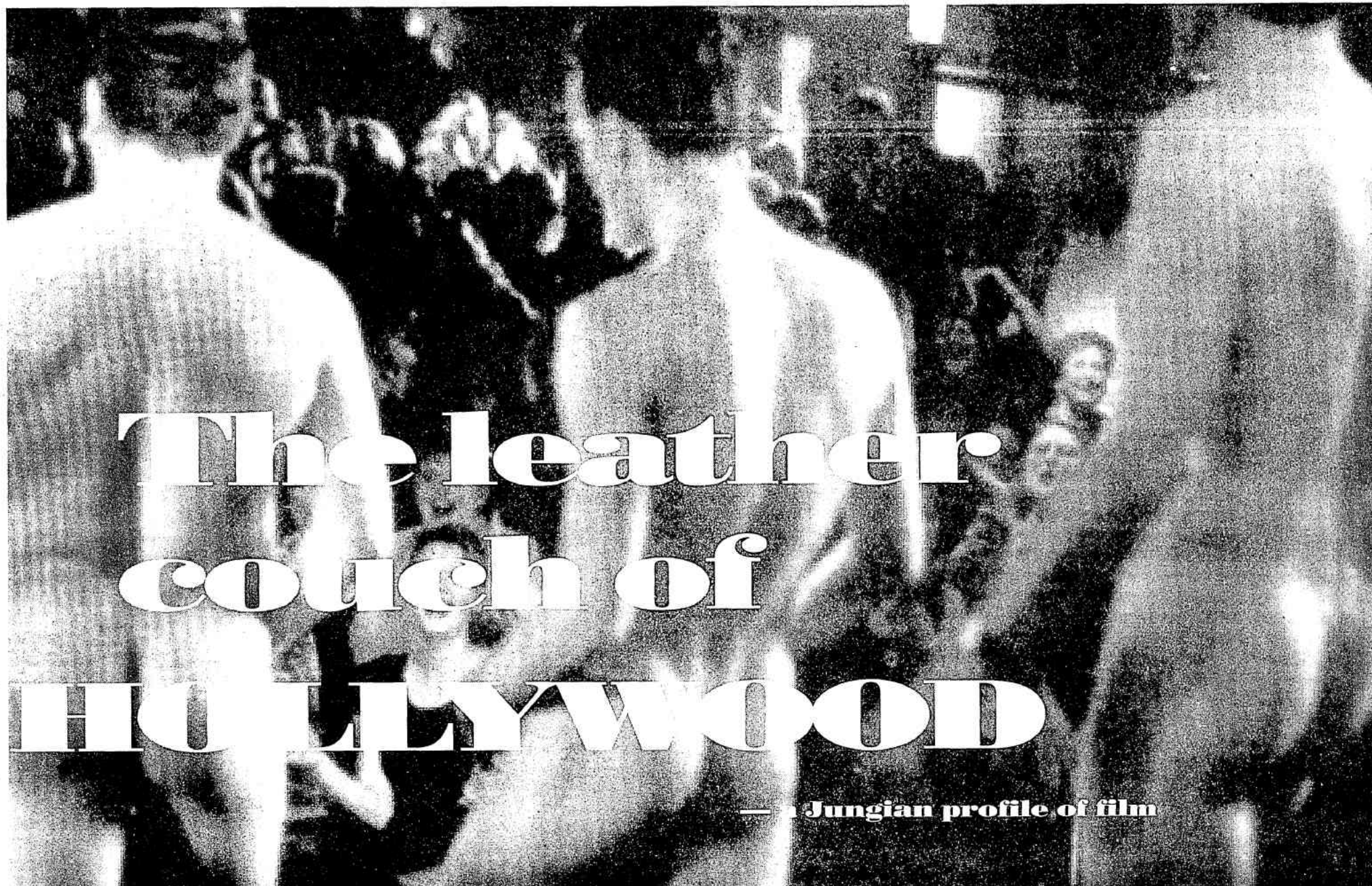
More sophisticated combat techniques in the form of anti-graffiti surface protectants are being utilised to keep ANU toilets sparkling (there are anti-graffiti paints but according to Bruce they come in 'inappropriate' colours which he doesn't like!) These protectants make your pen ink slide off thus preserving the pristine surfaces, but they only have a useful life cycle of two to three years, making graffiti removal an ongoing expense.

Surprisingly enough Bruce revealed that vandalism levels in general have actually dropped over the last ten years. It seems the 1990s ANU student is just that little bit more apathetic.

George Abraham, another Maintenance man, whose speciality is keeping those big black signposts clean sees it as, "a problem that you just have to deal with", but wonders if, "the money spent on continuously cleaning up could be more use

(inset) Southpark reaffirms its status as the new Simpsons by permeating the Gen X consciousness





The leather couch of HOLLYWOOD

— Jungian profile of film

(above) Men's naked behinds have psychologically disturbed many Woroni editors

The best hope of getting value for money is to choose the film genre right for you. This article serves as a means to that end. Drawing on the 8 psychological personality types of Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), this article shall combine the two attitudes (introvert/ extrovert) with the four functions (thinking, feeling, sensation, intuition) to pick the genre that will unconsciously appeal to you the most.

How do you decide what film to spend all your hard-earned money on?

The one that looks the best? Good looks are only due to all the promotion the studios pumped into it, and to be honest the studios have no idea what the audience wants. They turn out film, upon film, upon film with no idea of how they'll perform and so when they actually do stumble over one that the public likes, they don't know what they've done right, but by buggery they're going to try to do it again. So you get another 17 versions of the same plot as the studios rip it apart trying to get as much as they can in the shortest period of time (not unlike a couple with a certain goose).

Even popular novels lose in the transition. *Power of One*, *Starship Troopers*, *Bonfire of the Vanities*, *Striptease* (which became one of the first international releases that had an intermission five minutes in for the raincoat brigade to shuffle out so the usher could come in and attack the used Kleenex with a leaf blower. This distinction also applies to any Joe Eszterhas 'strong women liberation' flicks like *Showgirls* and *Jade*. Strike a blow for the Sisterhood, Joe). Trust me, if the studios had any idea what the public wanted they wouldn't still be giving Joel Schumacher millions to live out his homo-erotic rubber-nipple fantasies in *Batman & Robin*.

What about the ones with the most critical acclaim? Most critics know everything about film except how to enjoy it, while the rest have no idea what the hell they're talking about, but do have a handful of alliteration and verse plus a wacky ratings system and expect us to take their word as gospel (take a bow Mr Castaldi).

The best hope of getting value for money is to choose the film genre right for you. This article serves as a means to that end. Drawing on the 8 psychological personality types of Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), this article shall combine the two attitudes (introvert/ extrovert) with the four functions (thinking, feeling, sensation, intuition) to pick the genre that will unconsciously appeal to you the most.

1. Extrovert thinking:

Description: the Scientist. Materialists who seek to find or create order in the world, formulating

set principles and laws of reality.

Ideal Film: Disaster.

Why: Where's the fun in all that order if you can't bring it crashing back down.

Synopsis: With disaster movies, you want to be pulled in, you want to fool the mind into thinking it's real. You need characters you can care about, you need an involving direction and soundtrack, and you need a touch of realism to make it more authentic. People want to be engaged, overwhelmed, to lose control, to be assaulted by a relentless and omnipresent, if not visible, threat. Done properly it's a draining event to sit through and a raggedly uplifting one to come out of. But sadly, a lot are done badly. The worst are where they reduce the awe-inspiring disaster to a backdrop for some pisspoor human drama (ie *Twister*: good meteorologists versus bad meteorologists my arse, de Bont!). Disaster films are of an unusually diverse quality, with this theory's closing argument being that *Titanic* mixes one of the best spectacles of recent times with the worst dialogue:

"I'm going to jump."

"No you won't."

Slick.

The Best: *A Night to Remember*, *San Francisco*, *Threads*, *Jaws*.

The Worst: *The Beast*, *Dante's Peak*, *Twister*, *Jaws 4*, *Anaconda*. ("When you can't breathe, you can't scream." You can't scream when you're yawning either).

2. Introvert thinking:

Description: the Philosopher. Deeply introspective people who largely ignore the outside world in order to understand the inner.

Ideal Film: Manga, Japanese Anime.

Why: The same reason timid people get on the Net to pick fights and get laid.

Synopsis: After sitting through *Spawn*, *The Lost World* and *Lost in Space* I have come to realise 10 million dollars doesn't improve a two buck idea. What's the use of all this money and special effects wizardry if it only visualises the product of a dull mind. Imagination is still the most precious commodity in visual film and when it comes to imagination, I don't know what psychosis and personal demons those boys over in Nippon are sitting on, but it all come to life in the form of Manga. Splatter, glitter, gloss, gore animation — a vivid mix of science fiction and mythology — often futuristic, often cyberpunk — always a sleek, seething electric meltpot of sex and violence: heads



(above) Will Smith uses the latest diving rod technology

exploding, people mutating, severed in half, spears of light bursting from their chest and being consumed within the belly of demons. And as for the violence — don't start me thinking. People don't drip blood in these films, they erupt it.

Well not all of it's that bad, and if what you're watching isn't, then you're wasting your time! The pure thrill and adrenalin of Manga comes from its unpredictability — you never know when its clammy hand is going rip out and clutch your gut-strings to pluck you like a rusty harp. Ranting aside, it is a genre intelligently done, throwing in ideas and characters that a lot of live action (and more expensive) films dwell upon. The best of their kind leave an indelible mark on the imagination.

The Best: *Ninja Scroll*, *Wicked City*, *Urotsukidoji*, *Bubble Gum Crisis*.

The Worst: *Appleseed*, *AD Police*, *Wings of Honneamise*, *Roujin Z*.

3. Extrovert feeling

Description: The Star. Dedicated to success on a large social scale, these people adapt remarkably to their immediate surroundings. Moody, expressive, fickle, enthusiastic.

Ideal Film: Prez flick

Why: Because he's had it too good, too long.

Synopsis: The increasing number of films involving the President these days typically portray him as venal and corrupt; with the exception of *Independence Day* (and if the world wasn't getting destroyed you can bet your arse he would've gotten his end away sooner or later). He comes off so blindingly squeaky in ID4 because the aliens are the Bad Guys. Bad Guys are essential to American film-makers and now that they're drying up, the Americans in desperation have turned upon themselves. When the snake can't find anything to eat, it'll feast on its own tail.

Clinton lends himself enormously to a good story (although Reagan would have been good in a remake of *Puppet on a Chain*). The gossip mags have seen a scratch in the President's gloss and are now tearing it away like a psychotic swarm of addicted piglets gobbling lead paint from the sty walls. Now everybody's happy: the gossip mags have their pigeon, the film-makers have their evil overlord and every anarchist with a flag to burn is happy to know how easy it is to get in and out of the White House.

The Best: *Primary Colours*, *Being There*, *Wag the Dog*.

The Worst: *Air Force One*, *Independence Day*, *Absolute Power*.

4. Introvert feeling

Description: The Mediator. Annoying folk who don't care for other's opinions nor rely on their help. Calm, self-sufficient, enigmatic, in possession of a quiet dignity and inner peace.

Ideal Film: Ultraviolence.

Why: Why not, fuckface!

Synopsis: Ever hear the term "warm body"? They're characters without depth, past, personality. They have no reason for living except to get in the way of the bullets. They show up on set, get seven trumpets of shit shot out of them, get up, change shirts, move on the next set. They're walking bags of blood waiting to puncture. But these bodies, in all their multitudes, aren't what make Ultraviolent films. What does is the affect upon the audience. *Pulp Fiction's* raised syringe, the stroke of the cheek in *Deliverance*; in *Se7en* only one person is killed on-screen yet the abrasion of the five other deaths upon the viewer is immense. Ultraviolent theatre isn't a matter of assaulting those on-screen, but those in the theatre, and the Mediators love their still waters rippled. That's why we keep getting so many increasingly violent flicks because allegedly people are desensitised to violence, or desensitised to everything but violence. Directors continue to churn them out saying that the human animal is by nature violent (reasoning which holds less water than a tea-bag since the human animal is also by nature nude), and that they are just representations of reality. You've just got to hope no Mediators stage their own representation from the top of a Texas clocktower.

But for all my bagging I'm a junkie as well. There's something about being affected so deeply. It proves you've got feelings, that you're your own person, not just another warm body.

The Best: *Pulp Fiction*, *The Killer*, *Wild Bunch*, *The French Connection*, *Aliens*, *Clockwork Orange*, *Se7en*.

The Worst: *Highlander II*, *Replacement Killers*,

Crow II, *Last Man Standing*.

5. Extrovert sensation

Description: The Realist. Pokes at the world with all five senses and deals with it as it comes at them. Practical, perverse, unpretentious. Accepts hard facts.

Ideal Film: Musicals.

Why: When the facts get a little too hard to handle, puts a little twinkle in your toes.

Synopsis: Even if *Spiceworld* played like one of those thudding, maddening light-and-sound torture tools the Nazis strapped people down to watch to wheedle out the infirm of mind for castration (I personally would have put my hand up for the chop five minutes in if it meant not having to sit through the rest) — there's nothing like a good movie musical to fire the endorphins. Musicals, typically, are pure distilled escapism: care-free, capricious, bright, energetic, energising, spectacular: the work not so much unpredictable as spontaneous — where you could do anything. The

People want to be engaged, overwhelmed, to lose control, to be assaulted by a relentless and omnipresent, if not visible, threat.

films reached their peak popularity during the Depression, when people didn't want a speck of darkness or malevolence in their entertainment. The very idea that these bright, fluffy, untainted films could have a darker side was inconceivable — it was like imagining a supermodel taking a dump.

Yet in the musicals of the seventies, film-makers took a "razors in candy" approach, using this unadulterated niceness to highlight the darkness seeping in. Regardless of their tone the impact can still be felt from their flair, not only from the music, but by giving it a visual voice.

The Best: *Aladdin*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *Hard Day's Night*, *Cabaret*, *Singing in the Rain*.

The Worst: *Pocahontas*, *Spiceworld*, *Grease 2*.

6. Introvert sensation

Description: The Critic (guess this is where I fit in). The kind of people who have trouble expressing their own creativity while depreciating those who can. In short, blatant plagiarists, naysayers, aesthetes, back-seat drivers with no license. Have absolutely no use to society except as fertiliser and even in that, as with everything, they're no better than a half-empty bag of chook shit. In public they pick at the choice dishes and disdainfully listen to the best music while only displays of the finest art will they suffer to turn their heads for.

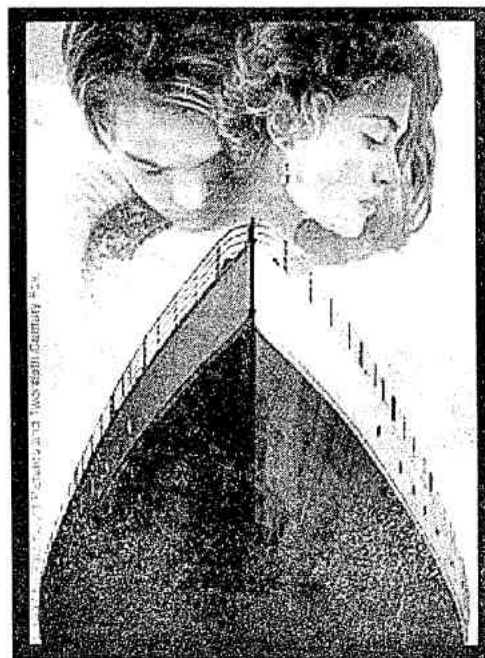
Ideal Film: Filthy cheap-arse 80s TV tit-flicks.

Why: If you have to ask you'll never understand.

Synopsis: Yes sir, nothing the ladies like better than a twilight stroll along the beach, a candlelit dinner, wine and cheese over whispered sweet-nothings, then sitting down for a couple of reels of *Porky's Revenge*. Root-a-toot-toot. By dawn she'll want you so badly you'll have to swat her off with the shitty end of a broomstick (unless these films have lied to me).

You all know these flicks — you've probably watched some yourself or walked in on your dad setting the video for one, pretending it's for the late night footy. Unsung by its large and loyal, if surprisingly silent, band of anonymous followers; publicly ignored and besmirched by critics these films have had a hard life, most disappearing into obscurity or buried in the bargain bin of some porno den under *Tommy and Pamela*. Their only chance of survival is to give the Critics some other excuse to watch it other than T & A: some, like *Caligula* (or how to make \$15 million of hardcore toga porn look like a midget's home movie), have snuck to the cinemas under the guise of art-house; some attach subtitles; or like *Joysticks* and *Totally Hip*, some have fallen into the "just so bad you have to watch it (sometimes several times)" category.

Two bad things about these films (disregarding chicks with pot-guts and tits like wind-chimes) is that a) if you miss one minute of exposition you're lost for the rest of the film and b) you can only talk about them in public as long as you pre-



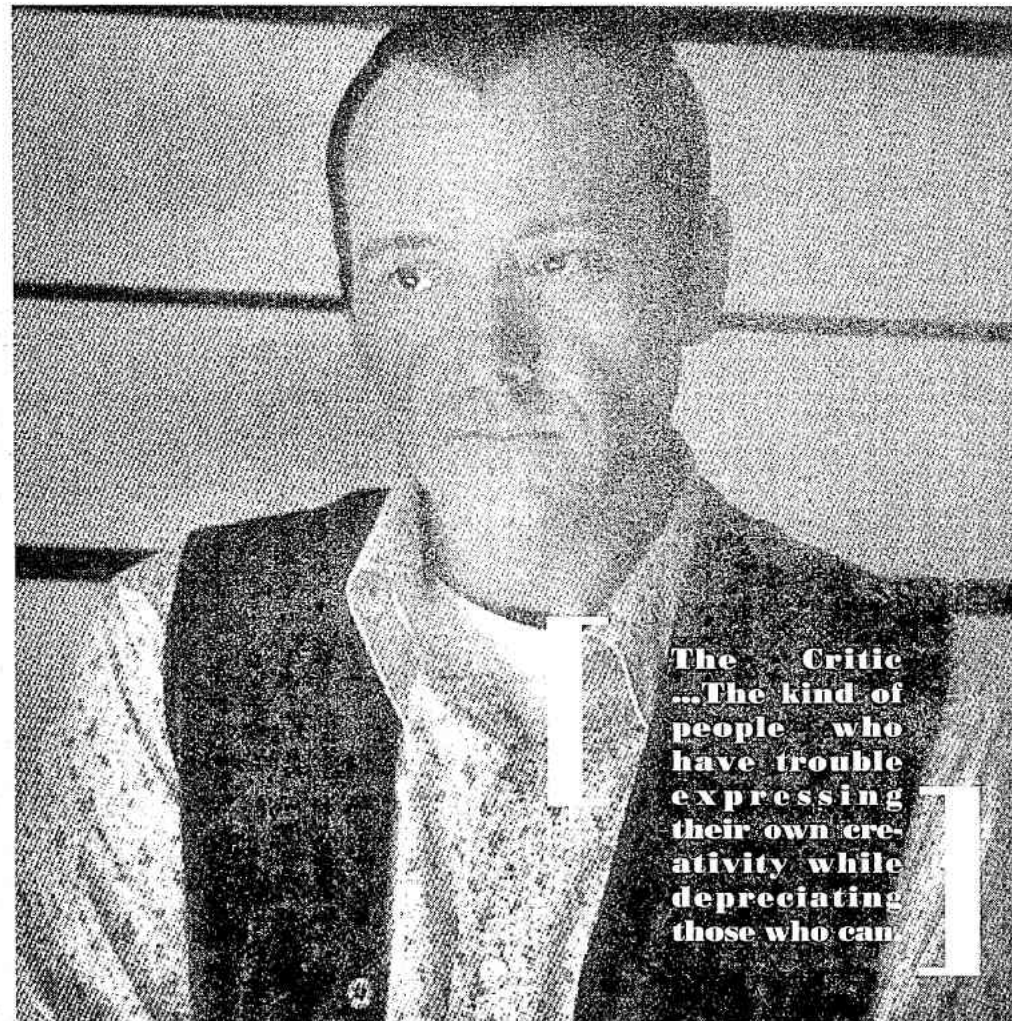
fix your comment with "I was just flipping between channels and..."

The Best: *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *Hot Chili*, *Porky's*.

The Worst: *Hollywood Hot Tubs*, *Beach Girls*, *Loose Screws*, *Booty Call*.

7. Extrovert intuition

Description: The Adventurer. Like a cat: curious, impulsive, attention-seeking, adventurous, always landing on their feet and leaving others to clean up after them (I'm yet to meet one who can wash their entire body with their tongue so the analogy



The Critic... The kind of people who have trouble expressing their own creativity while depreciating those who can.

(above) Everyone's favourite psycho makes the perfect subject for a Jungian

only stretches so far).

Ideal Film: Martial Arts

Why: Good bit of biff never hurt no one.

Synopsis: Split into three distinct genres: the rougher, bloodier, more serious versions in which most opponents are knocked down within a few short seconds (the movies filled out by piling several hundred opponents up against our hero) and patronised by Bruce Lee and Blaxploitation hero Jim Kelly (the "fro from *Enter the Dragon*"). The second is the "playing with your food" genre: fast, frenetic, fluid tumbling, in which the fight is less about winning than seeing who can perform the most spectacular stunts. The heroes are Jackie Chan, Samo Hung, Yuen Biao and Jet Li. Both are exciting and admirable for different reasons, unlike the third case, which I'll dub the Miyagi breed. Not only has the steadily-punching Karate Kid been responsible for so many of my generation getting their fucking lights punched out (Gentle aside: If you're picking some huge bastards with nothing but "sand the floor" up your sleeve I suggest you first excuse yourself; go to toilet, rip out all your teeth and put them in your pocket to save you the trouble of searching through your shit to find them later) but it has bred an entire race of movie fighters who can't kick,

can't punch and can't block (which could be dangerous if any of their opponents attacks ever actually hit).

The Best: *Drunken Master II*, *Once Upon a Time in China*, *Enter the Dragon*.

The Worst: *Mortal Kombat*, *3 Little Ninjas*, *BlackBelt*, *American Ninja 1, 2, 3, 4, 5*.

8. Introvert Intuition:

Description: The Poet. Tortured genius with a strong inner vision, which they will follow with every fibre of their being (most of the time being led into opium habits, insanity, isolation, incest or ear-loss, but what a ride).

Ideal film: Conspiracies.

Why: It's always good to have somebody to blame.

Synopsis: The world, like some southern yokel falling asleep on the verandah with a shotgun on his lap awaiting that hostile government takeover while his wife is banging the farm-boy blue, is too busy looking over its shoulder to notice the things right under its nose. Paranoia is the only way of thinking in this world where you're better off if you're wrong than if you're right.

Conspiracy films play on that the way Disaster flicks play on fear. With disasters you're dealing with nature: vast, inevitable and overwhelming but at least its predictable, whereas conspiracy is built on people and **** who knows what depravity we're capable of. Sadly with its inherent serpentine plots, intricate relationships and need for continual explanation the genre can fall apart very easily, resulting in such messes as *Conspiracy Theory* and *Mercury Rising*, which goes a long way in proving that confusion doesn't equal complex-

ity. When it's done wrong it has all the suspense and surprise of a fat uncle daring you to pull his finger. But when done right there's nothing better than being entwined in its twists and unravelling them afterwards.

The Best: *All the President's Men*, *Day of the Jackal*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *Name of the Rose*, *The Usual Suspects*.

The Worst: *Conspiracy Theory*, *The Jackal*, *The Pelican Brief*.

Follow these guidelines and in no time at all you'll be a pale, half-blind, sun-starved little cinephile with a pocket full of ticket-stubs, back spasms and a diet of Pepsi Max and grease-grey popcorn they must have pulled out of the Pyramids — just like me. And you'll be loving every minute of it.

Should any reader wish to submit to a Jungian personality test (no, they're not the same as Scientologist ones where it tells you your life is empty and meaningless and the only answer is to give them all your money); then try the Internet at "www.2h.com"

WHAT'S ON AT THE UNI BAR???

Date	Bands/Activity	ANU Conc Full		
Sat 18 Apr	Crippled Masters, Red Letter, Underdog	\$3	\$3	\$3
Thu 23 Apr	Mind Dust, Ephemera, Sweater	\$3	\$3	\$3
Fri 24 Apr	Nevyn, Buff Tundrel, Ephemera (demo launch)	\$3	\$4	\$4
Sat 25 Apr	High Pass Filter, Dark Network, Funky Acid Afro Lounge	\$5	\$6	\$6
Fri 1 May	Michelle Shocked	\$24.70	\$24.70	\$24.70
Sat 2 May	Mind Dust, Rebel Astronauts	\$3	\$3	\$3
Thu 7 May	Jazz 'n' Jugs — Psycho Zydeco	\$2 + free shot	\$5 + free shot	\$5 + free shot
Fri 8 May	Reign of Terror, Mighty Few, Deviant Plan, Boc, Disrupture		\$5	\$5 \$5
Sat 9 May	Stone Pony, Einstein	\$3	\$3	\$3
Thu 14 May	MYC (Mid Youth Crisis), Hindsight, NSA, Strider	\$5	\$6	\$6
Fri 15 May	Way Hip Antelopes + friends	\$3	\$3	\$3
Sat 16 May	Law Ball — Bar closed			
Thu 21 May	Testeagles, Henry's Anger (to be confirmed)			
Fri 22 May	Gadflys	\$6	\$7	\$7
Sat 23 May	Armoured Angel, Destroyer 666, Cryogenic	TBA	TBA	TBA

Coming up at the Uni Bar — Frenzal Rhomb, The Blue Meanies, Noogie, New Wave Failures, Sobriquet, Fusion Dance Party

need a place to live?

Housing Online

- A list of accommodation (including shared houses) on the private rental market, updated weekly by the ANU Housing Referral Service.
- Located at <http://www.anu.edu.au/accom/housingonline/>
- Lists properties which are available to students.

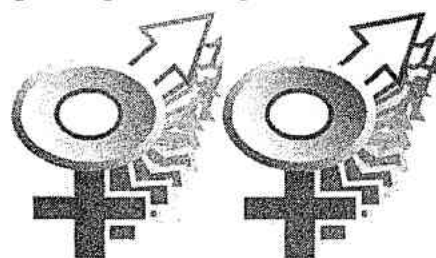
Housing Referral Service

- Assists students and staff to find private rental accommodation.
- Offers free advice and assistance negotiating with landlords and agents.

**University
Accommodation
Services**

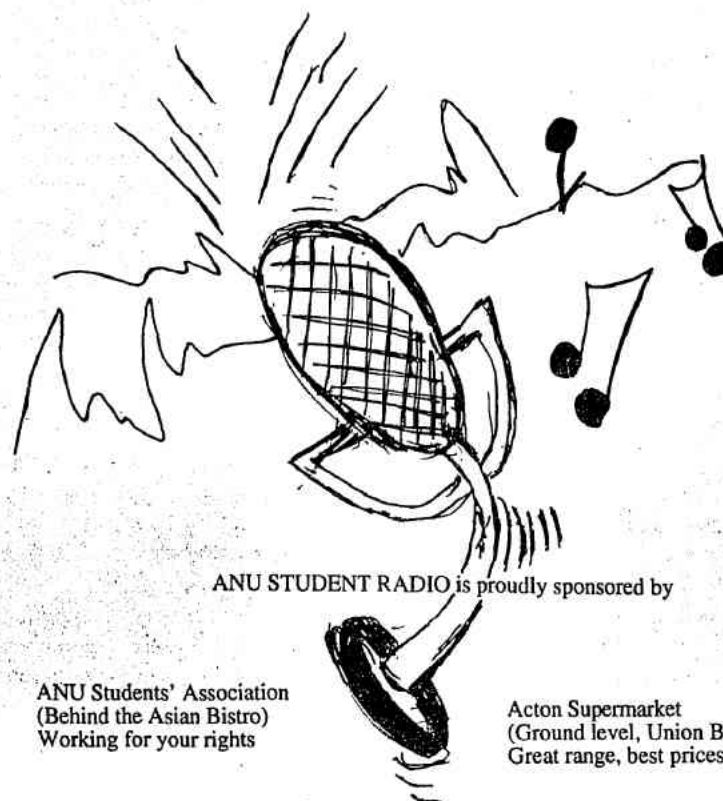
phone 6143 3185
fax 6249 0737
email uni.accom@anu.edu.au

SEXUALITY DEPARTMENT MEETING MAY 27



The SexDept's first meeting for 1998 will be held on **Wednesday, May 27, 1pm in The Bridge, Union Building.** All members of the Dept (any student identifying as queer) are invited to attend and voice their opinions about the Dept and which direction it should take. The meeting will also be used to vote for the positions of female and male Sexuality Officers for Semester 2/98 onwards. Nominations for the positions can be made in writing to the office until Monday, May 25. Nominees must be openly queer-identifying undergraduate students of the ANU. For more information, please call the SexDept on 6279-8514.

**ANU STUDENT RADIO
GET YOUR MESSAGE ACROSS
1.30-3PM THURSDAYS
CMS FM103.1**



ANU STUDENT RADIO is proudly sponsored by

ANU Students' Association
(Behind the Asian Bistro)
Working for your rights

Acton Supermarket
(Ground level, Union Building)
Great range, best prices.

You don't have to put up with SEXUAL HARASSMENT

The ANU has rules about what sort of behaviour is acceptable and what isn't. If you are being harassed because of your gender or sexuality, there are things we can do to stop it.

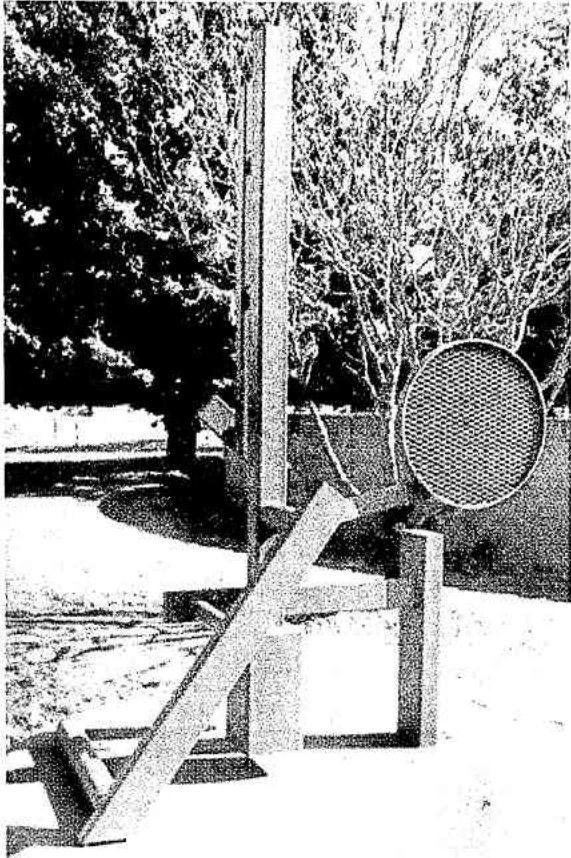
Talk to a Sexual Harassment Contact Person. To find a Contact Person near you, check the complete list online at <http://www.anu.edu.au/hr/eo/shcontact.html>.

Or you can call the Sexual Harassment Hotline on 6249-3595 to talk through your options. Of course, all conversations are in strict confidence.

Some sexual harassment is against ANU rules; some sexual harassment is against the law. Whichever it is — you don't have to put up with sexual harassment around here.

Kitsch-o-rama

The ANU is a little known repository for a large collection of artworks, but what the typical student is likely to notice is that about 80% of them seem to be of a quality so dubious that they make the architecture of the Chifley Library look "cutting edge" (Don't you love the Chifley. You could just see some 60s architect sitting around in his office saying "This is it! This is the architecture of the year 2000! Every building in Australia should be covered with pebblecrete."). The aim of this issue's *Race* therefore is to showcase some of the ANU's greatest aesthetic misses. Those artworks whose unfortunate lot in life is for people to forever look at them and say, "What the hell is that. That is so (insert 60s, 70s or 80s). How much did that piece of shit cost?" So join me, Jason Lucantoni, as I take you into the realm of art that is destined to be remembered for being so forgettable.

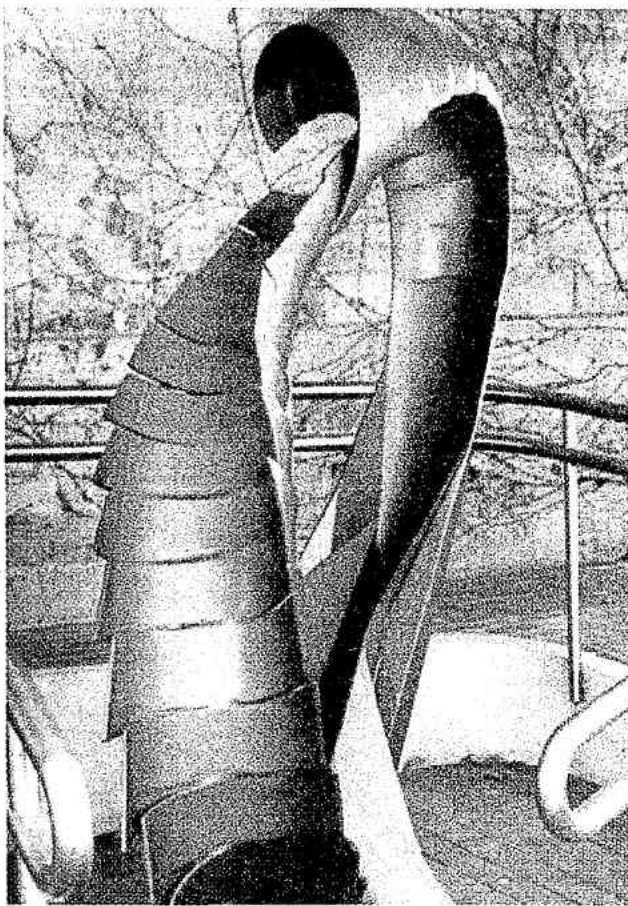
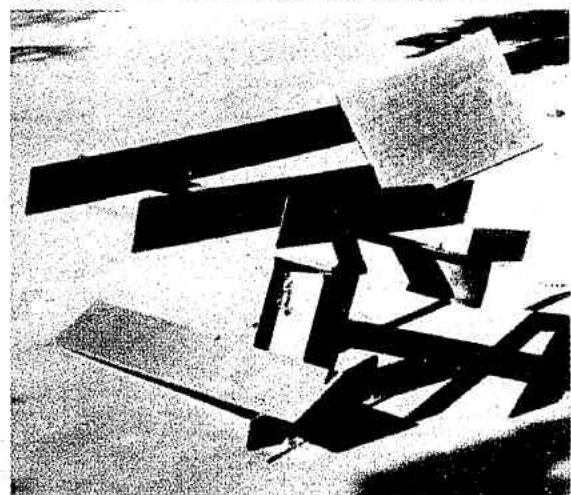


(left) Known commonly as "The Tennis Player" another entrant from the modish school of "steel sculpture that the public hates" category, "Chug", its appropriately monosyllabic title, must surely take the cake for mediocrity in ANU public sculpture. If not for its obvious aesthetic blandness then surely just for its prominence in the public's unfortunate eye.



(left) When Man Ray wrapped a sewing machine it was as if a world of possibility had opened before the viewer. When they wrapped the toad at Toad Hall however what we got was actually just a wrapped toad. This one's the public art wildcard but I think that "Wrapped Toad" cannot be ignored as a powerful statement against man's inhumanity to frog.

(below) From the "ugly rusting heap of 70s steel" school of sculpture this half-arsed impersonation of Anthony Caro resembles... well gosh if it doesn't just resemble a B-grade Anthony Caro. Thanks again School of Art it's good to see that your fearless battle against all that is trendy and vogueish has resulted in some truly visionary works of art. This stuff is veritable Staminade for thirsty eyes.



(above) If the Deathstar had had an art collection then surely this hideous bit of 80s metallics would have been in the foyer. Looking like a leftover cocoon from Alien or a model for a new waterslide at Jamieson this cheesy attempt to "deconstruct form" looks more like the slashed inner tube of a new, experimental truck tyre. The colour of this thing has to be seen to be believed and reminds one of a Questacon model of a clotted artery.

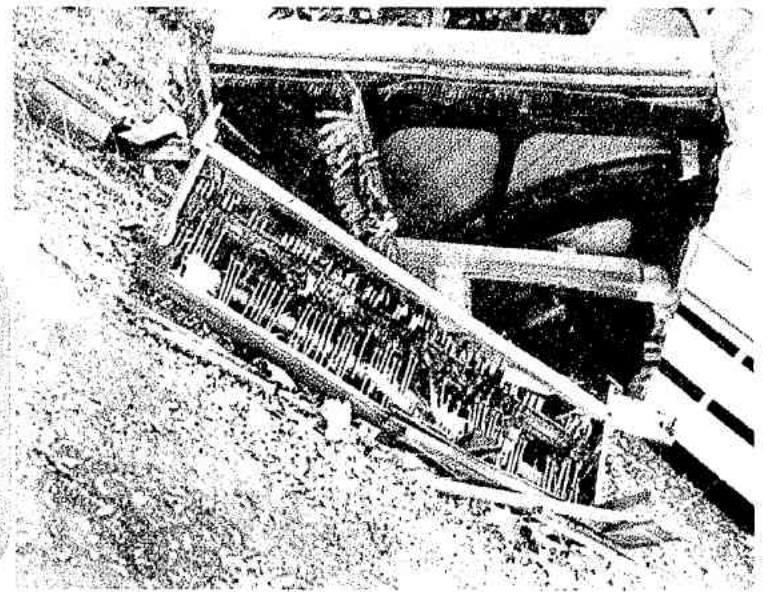


(left) A River of bricks cascades down the side of a hill evoking, ahhh, a river of bricks. In this attempt to intertwine post modern narrative with landscape architecture the School of Music receives what must be the lamest attempt at "humanistaion" since they refitted the Refectory.



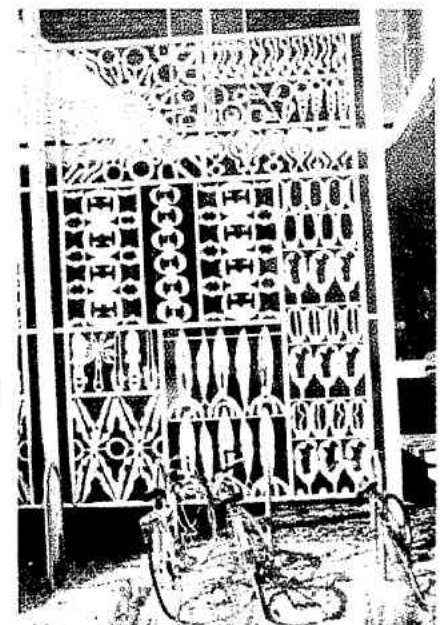
(left) How did this thing ever end up on any wall in the world? Let me see... a lion and various revellers throw a toga party in a Paddington terrace. Is this worst attempt to update a Biblical/classical story that has ever been seen? The Chifley Library doesn't seem to think so.

(right) This half-buried piano proves that Narrabundah College never died, it just packed up and went to the School of Art. Music is destroyed and yet buried in the ground, thus bringing new life. My God. I think I'm gonna cry.



(above) The School of Art has got so much to answer for. Has anyone ever seen anything quite so lame as the attempts by undergraduates to create a sculpture that "blends with the environment". Every year the same "I really like Andy Goldsworthy" sculptures consisting of piles of leaves make their compulsory appearance and the use of wrapped video tape never fails to thrill with its originality. This year the surprise entrant has been the blown up rubber glove which I don't think I've seen since... ohhhh about six months ago. In their persistent attempts to encourage kids who can barely articulate their desire to buy a milkshake (let alone their position in the Post-modern aesthetic free-for-all) to "experiment with media", the lecturers at the School of Art must surely be guilty of inflicting some of the worst public visual atrocities upon innocent victims since the infamous "doughnut on a stick" made its first appearance in Civic.

(below) During the 70s it became trendy for artists to make self-conscious historical references to the art of the past in their work. Thus in this piece the wrought iron of Colonial Australia is given the once-over to produce... ta da! some of the ugliest bits of metalwork you're ever likely to see. Exquisitely tasteless must surely be the verdict on this eminently foul experiment in misplaced decorative grandeur.



race around Canberra

entertainment

music



Boogie Nights 2

Various

Don't let the beginning of Track 1 turn you off. There is some really good stuff to come. Sure you may have heard it all before, but 70s muzak is simply to good to resist - Isn't it? This CD has a few highlight tracks to listen out for.

Track 2. "Fooled around and fell in love". Mellow, melodic, and moody, with a back beat to wine and dine any child of the 70s and an instrumental piece to add a hint of sincerity.

Track 3. "You sexy thing". Baby. For those of us who believe in miracles - we're all sexy on the inside. A must for any Hot Chocolate fan.

Track 6. "Drivers seat". Very cool (in the layed back mirror-ball sense of the term). In the words of one 70s chick "I like it!". This driver's seat put you in the mood for a ride.

Track 8. "Jessie's girl". A rock classic for any generation. Particularly for every chickie babe or bloke who has coveted their mate's significant other.



Track 9. "J. P. Walk". Funkier than the theme musak from "The Love Boat". This gyrating instrumental sends pelvises thrusting.

Track 10. "I want to be free". For fans of 'South Park', this would certainly appear in Chef's (Issac Hayes) private collection.

Track 11. "Joy". Now this is tacky, particularly for musical puritans. However, it is indicative of some of the crap that came out of the era.

If you'd rather be under the mirror-ball than choking on artificial smoke at a rave, then *Boogie Nights 2* will get your hips moving and grooving in the right direction. If you're not too sure about music from the 70s and you've heard some bad reports then check out this compilation CD. Sure, it's got some bad to go along with the good but none of it is ugly.

—Jason Wood



Pink Pills

The Mavis's

An unusual array of musical styles pervade this CD. Each musical piece is a real toe tapper. While listening to this masterpiece passers by were seen to make uncontrollable muscular movements. I believe pieces such as "The Puberty Song" will be picked up by keen line dancers. The musical rendition of "Sorry" told me I'd be sorry. Guess what, "I Am". I promise I'll never put that track on again.

By adding some music, some style, better lyrics and some talent this group will be real winners.

This group's image is pretty impressive. How innovative - changing your hair colour, putting rings in your nose, saying rude things aka 'push my head in your crotch. I let you have me but you took too much.' Hey! that doesn't rhyme. Oh well ... let's face it. The cerebral image of pushing a head in a crotch some what detracts from the intended rudeness.



When it comes to the pool of musical talent I think these guys really dived in at the shallow end. Personally, I blame their parents. They obviously inflicted these people with 60s rubbish during gestation which has predisposed them to churning out crap.

By the way, I think the way they squeeeeeezed their little bodies into those teeny weeny capsule containers for the cover is exceptional. In fact it has inspired me to do the same so I can be just like them.

—D. Terrell



IT

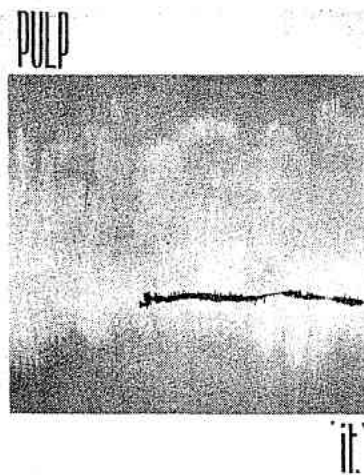
Pulp

This offering in the long line of Pulp releases appeared in stores last year. This CD is receiving none of the hype their new CD *This is Hardcore* is getting. Which is a shame really, as this little CD, just 31 minutes worth, is pure brilliance from the masters of mature Brit pop.

The first track creeps out of the stereo and grabs you. "My Lighthouse" was released as a single previously and never received the air play it deserved. The song washes over you taking you up and down like the waves, it is comforting, almost sleepy. It clearly shows technical expertise and a time honed skill, it is a superb song.

The rest of *It* follows on from the first, superb track and reinforces just why Pulp have been around a long time. The album fits together well and the sounds follow on from each other. The songs are great, "Blue Girls" and "Love Love" are particularly striking.

This CD represents a departure from the smash



hit "Different Class", it is softer, brooding and very mellow. It also lacks the political edge that songs like "Common People" have. *It* is a celebration of musical skill, not a comment on life in the nineties.

Pulp's offering of *It* is the kind of CD you throw on to vege out or read a book to. It is like Pulp decided to go down two paths; one slightly heavier and more confronting in *This is Hardcore* and the other a sedate, quiet album in *It*. Frankly I prefer *It* the expertise it displays is astounding.

This CD is a must for any Pulp fan or softer Brit pop fan. It might be short, but damn it's good.

—James Connor

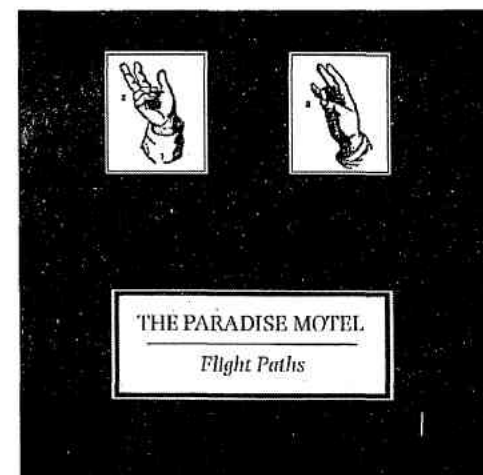


Flight Paths

The Paradise Motel

The Paradise Motel is an Australian fusion of Twin Peak's ambience with the smokey cool feel of bands like Mazzy Star and Portishead. Their new album, *Flight Paths*, follows the 1996 release of *Still Life* as their second major release. The Paradise Motel is one of those bands you hear rarely but have a distinctive sound. According to their website, they have been gaining popularity through word of mouth and increasing appearances in alternative charts. The band's style defies easy description. Think spooky lead female singer, smooth, dark and handsome backing.

Merida Sussex's mesmerising, even soporific vocals are saved from drifting off into oblivion by the band. Understated, yet catchy, bass and steel string guitar carried by nicely mixed percussion abounds throughout the album ("Aeroplanes", "Derwent River Star", "Four Degrees"). String and wind instruments add to a subtle, absorbing mix occasionally rising to cinematic crescendos ("Find



19" and "Daniel"). It's a potent sound with their own songs, be sure you play it loud on a good stereo. They try to apply it to a kind of bleary, fucked-up cover of The Cars' 1980s classic "Drive", with mixed success. This is not perky music. Save *Flight Paths* for sleepless nights, and mornings-after, it will soothe.

The lyrics on the other hand, well, not-so-soothing. Thanks to Sussex's almost subliminal style, it can be hard to pick up, but they have a very dark feel. The perspective seems to be one of isolation and despair. Imagine being trapped in a tinted glass box and watching meaningless life continue outside uncaring ('dislocation north, overland'; "4 degrees"). Imagine weary despair at a world you don't understand but can't escape. ('Kiss away the spent life, It's now too dark and cold'; "Caravans").

While not an album for everyone, people who enjoy a bit of dark romance and morbid musings will love it. The band's founding members met through a common interest in serial killers; well, what can I say?

—Stefan Kaufman

What I'm hearing



Kate
Favourite: *Criminal*, Fiona Apple
Listening to: ABC Radio News



Adam
Favourite: *Check yo' Head*, Beastie Boys
Listening to: Frenzal Rhomb, Lucious Jackson and Regurgitator

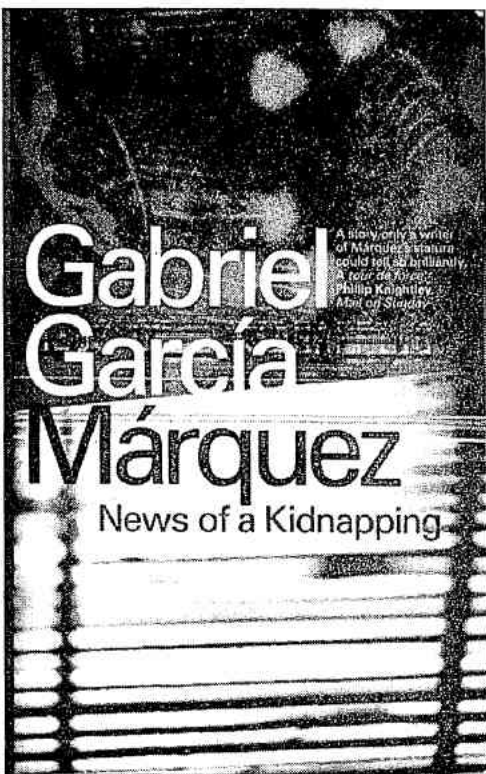


Willie Nelson, lost on campus
Favourite: *All Time Favourites*, Wilson Pickett
Listening to: The busking fiddlers in Union Court



Ralph
Favourite: *Time*, Steele Eye Span
Listening to: Folk in Union Court

books



News of a Kidnapping

Gabriel Garcia Marquez

You have to admire an author, who midway through a career, can switch genres and write something which totally contrasts with the bulk of their work to date. This is what Marquez has achieved with his latest book *News of a Kidnapping*. The master of magical realism has written a non-fiction account of the political upheaval in Colombia in the early 1990s, in such a comprehensive way, that the reader can understand the cause of the crisis, and the impact on the victims.

The constant sense of terror, and the exhausting ordeal of the victim's families is relentlessly narrated in such a way to make their grief substantial and real. It tells of a country accustomed to atrocity, and in a rather deceptive introduction to the title, Marquez observes that "news of a kidnapping, no matter how painful, is not as irredeemable as news of a murder." Although this seems logical enough, the agony of those who had

to wait for news, or for release, is unbelievable, and Marquez is talented enough to get inside the victim's minds without relying on fabrication.

The immense preparation which went into this book is obvious from the way that every assertion as to events or emotions is substantiated. Marquez is not an authorial voice; rather he allows himself to be the means of the expression of pain of others. That this story has affected him is obvious, but his expressions of awe at the strength of the major players in this drama do not interfere with his efforts to allow the truth to speak for itself.

This book is an intense read. It is certainly not for those after a light break from their course reading, or for previous fans of Marquez looking for a continuation of his previous writing. Having said that, his skill is so substantial that it translates into any genre, and his essential talent for capturing character and emotion in swift concise sentences serve him well in this work. If you have the time for the emotional commitment, read this book. It is riveting and expressive, and certainly conveys the essence of the struggle against crime in Colombia.

—Lyn Kemmis



Open the Door to Your Future

Kaaren Sutcliffe

As most of us know, finding a job sucks. Big time. Applying for a position is intimidating at best, and frankly, interviews scare the pants off me. Still, the bills need to be paid, \$100 text books need to be bought (and occasionally we need to eat), making employment a necessary evil for many university students.

Kaaren Sutcliffe's guide *Open the Door to Your Future*, however, succeeds in taking a lot of the fear and uncertainty out of job-hunting. Much like the reassuring "Don't Panic" on the cover of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, Sutcliffe writes in a confident, helpful style that gets you believing in yourself and your ability to find work. More importantly, it gives the power of employment back to you (the job-seeker) by stressing it is you who chooses the employer, not vice-versa.

The book is divided into sections dealing with each area of getting a job. Starting with advice on selecting the right employer, it provides sample CVs, examples of good interview skills, and explains the pitfalls you might face. *Open the Door* also offers some sneaky tips on improving your 'employability'. Haven't had much (or any) work experience? Just look under the section "Hints for those with less experience". Unsure how to answer interview questions? Follow the checklist in "The Door is Open".

Scary as it may seem, sooner or later we're all going to have to leave the protective womb of University, brave the real world, and look for a job. This book is a good place to start.

—Michael Cook



A Boy and His Uncle

Anne Kennedy

This has to be one of the most incredibly strange novels I have ever read. A single moment of magical-realism is the centre of the novel, but its extreme oddity is never explained or resolved well enough to make the story strong.

Lex is a strange man, working in the Dead Letter section of an Auckland Post Office. His life is impressively banal until he becomes pregnant following the unknowing taking of a love potion made by his mother. Lex then becomes the boy's uncle, because of the shame of having a bastard son - how he becomes pregnant and then gives birth is alluded to but never explained. The bastard son is even weirder than his father/uncle, being unable to express himself, or even feel anything, but goes on to find happiness by spending his days drinking at work, and getting smashed every night.

The families and their histories are all incredibly depressing, unfulfilled and small-minded. And though this is occasionally interesting, it is all presented in such a dead-pan modernist manner that it is hard to understand exactly what Kennedy is trying to do in this novel of hers. On the one hand there is dull realism, on the other, the words of an enlightened man - interludes that are apparently there to make the story less depressing, or even to lighten it up a little. Unfortunately both are equally uninspiring, and even the potentially interesting male pregnancy is hardly explored, a mistake that undermines this entire novel.

Certainly the influences of, or allusions to White, Rushdie, and even Hesse are here, and this is no bad thing, for it is her style that makes the novel readable, but so arbitrary is Kennedy's choice of subject matter in *A Boy and His Uncle* that it is hard to guess just how she created such a consistently dull story. It has the appearance of an interesting arty novel, but the more this novel is considered, the less substance it seems to have. Kennedy it seems, is either some sort of fraud, or a self-deceived writer who managed to convince Picador (Pan Macmillan's art house) that she is one of "New Zealand's foremost contemporary writers".

—Julian Henderson



The Last Day

Glenn Kleier

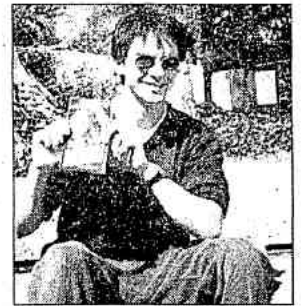
I approached this novel with a good degree of enthusiasm. The plot peep-show on the rear cover promised a complex and charged situation, harnessing many religious, political and superstitious themes. Who couldn't be interested in a novel that tried to answer a question as huge as "what would happen if the Second Coming occurred at the turn of the millennium?"

Kleier does a good job at building up the tension, starting with a meteorite strike on Christmas Day which takes out a secret Israeli military research facility in the Negev Desert, leaving one mysterious survivor, then hurries the reader on to New Year's Eve where the world awaits the count-down in an anxious sweat. In Bethlehem, at exactly midnight, an earthquake strikes and a Christ figure appears, bearing a new Word and a horrifying message. Is this the Messiah? A sinister fake? Or the Anti-Christ following mockingly in Jesus' footsteps? Is this the beginning of the Rapture or the Apocalypse?

As I said, big questions and interesting ideas which could have made a great book, but Kleier's first novel is unsatisfying, awkward and thick with cliches, the least of which being the "boyishly handsome" reporter hero. It's sad to see such a potentially exhilarating plot delivered so ineptly, yet it would have taken a truly talented author to invest this ambitious piece of popular fiction with the necessary punch.

—Rachel Hopkins

What I'm reading



James

Favourite: *The Little Prince*, Antoin de Saint Exupery

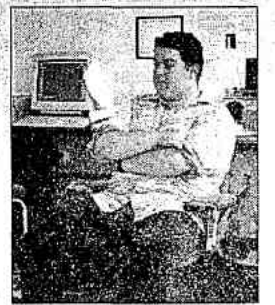
Reading: *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, Phillip K. Dick



Meagan

Favourite: *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Eric Maria Remarque

Reading: *Elements of Style*, text book



Nick

Favourite: *Consider Phelbs*, Ian M. Banks

Reading: *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, Hunter S. Thompson



Phoebe

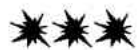
Favourite: 1984, George Orwell

Reading: *A Clockwork Orange*, Anthony Burgess

film



Would you suck this man's dick?



Primary Colours

Mike Nichols

For political junkies who love to watch the machinations of spin doctors and the inside tactics of a campaign, this film is a must. For the ordinary punter, it is an interesting examination of human frailty.

Primary Colours presents the classic ends/means dilemma. There is a great biography of JFK entitled *A Question of Character* and it is this question which the film centrally addresses. What kind of character should the President of the United States have? Or is it important at all? *Primary Colours* underlines the contradictions of Jack Stanton, Presidential hopeful, flagrant embellisher of stories, philanderer and dishonest on one hand, but someone who genuinely cares about people on the other. What should be sacrificed in order to gain power? How far is one willing to go? The answer that these questions receive in the film is equivocal, showing that humans are flawed beings who instinctively fight dirty, even if what they want to achieve is as pure as possible.

While the performances in the film are excellent, as is so often the case, the film suffers for being much shorter and less detailed than the book upon which it is based. Characters pop in and out unexplained and there is little in-depth characterisation of the majority of players. There is an assumption on the part of Mike Nichols, the film's director, that the audience is either familiar with either the characters in the novel or with the real life players on whom those characters are based. And therein lies the rub. This film is NOT a documentary, but a fictional account. While it

PM John Howard -
Lost In Space



may have a basis in reality, it is important to remember that it is not reality, and occasionally the director seems to be so wrapped up in his creation that he has forgotten that that is all that it is. Ultimately while it is close to the fine documentary on Clinton's first campaign *The War Room* (and Billy Bob Thornton does an excellent James Carville - whatever his character's name is) it does not replace it.

Definitely worth seeing for those contemplating the dirty game of politics!

—Melissa McEwen



Lost In Space

Stephen Hopkins

This film, to quote a friend, is "mind Candy". This sums the movie up as a whole. It was quite visually spectacular in some places, in others it fell down quite hard. The plot was very light and easy to slip into with no thought required to simply watch the film. Leave your brain at home for this one.

The acting was passable in the majority of the film, but in a few instances you could still see Matt Le Blanc's *Friends* character slip through. He struggled in some parts to try and play the role of the serious warrior type, you always encounter in these types of films, but he shined through, in the few comedy lines that he had. The evil Doctor Smith has so many cliched lines that it sometimes became rather hard to see them out.

The other characters seem to fill their roles but not to excel in them, and with young children it would be unthinkable to not have a Wesley Crusher character in the film, which is, as usual, the young boy. They do introduce a new variety of aliens to the film, these aliens aren't your typical bug eyed monsters, but low intelligent insects.

The family as a whole seemed as is usual: The family went from dysfunctional on Earth to a loving caring functional family by the end of the film, I was rather hoping that they would still be dysfunctional and looking forward to the years they might spend *Lost In Space* with glee.

I'm glad though that I did end up reviewing this film for other wise I would not have seen it on my own initiative. It is worth watching for the special effects and the one liners, that appear through the film. And of course the complimentary, "Will Robinson, Danger, Danger" from the

Robot. Just remember that it is a story and they are allowed to get laws of physics and time travel paradoxes wrong and it will defiantly be "Mind Candy" for you to.

—BOB McMullen



The Big Lebowski

The Coen Brothers

I only know two people who didn't like *Fargo*, a friend of mine and his mother, but then again one of their favourite films is *Trains, Planes and Automobiles*- go figure. While *The Big Lebowski* isn't *Fargo* (the Coen brothers' Oscar winning hit) it is still a comedy of the highest quality.

The slightly off beat story line follows "the Dude" - if you please (Jeff Bridges) who is trying to get compensation for his rug, which was soiled by some petty thugs, in a case of mistaken identity. Unfortunately for "the Dude" it leads him to "the Big Lebowski", a millionaire businessman, and before he knows what has happened, "the Dude" is the key player in a hostage/extortion caper. For this ten-pin bowling, dope smoking, hippy leftover, it seems like a lot of trouble for a rug, but as "the Dude" says, "it really, like, tied the whole room together"

John Goodman plays "the Dude's" bowling partner, Walter, a bitter Vietnam vet who pushes his buddy into the scheme. The gung-ho Walter is just going to have to help his buddy out - you'd better believe it! Without these two somewhat simple characters it would never have become so complicated. Add to this the Big Lebowski's daughter, (Julianne Moore), a non-male hating feminist, with a desire for motherhood, and a bunch of German nihilists (including the Chilli Peppers' Flea) and "the Dude" finds himself a little out of his depth.

The Coen Brothers, Joel and Ethan, have relied on their traditional cinematic techniques, for this, their seventh feature. One of these as seen in *The Hudsucker Proxy* is the dream-like flotation sequences. While some people may see these as a good excuse for a toilet break, they don't detract from the film and are pure cinematic fun.

The Big Lebowski's strong cast bring out the best of the film's original screenplay, with Steve Buscemi's under whelming however pivotal role being an enjoyable surprise. While aiming to please, this is a fine comedy which even lovers of John Candy will enjoy... Lets go bowling.

—Thom Stipe



The Man In The Iron Mask

Randall Wallace

First time director Randall Wallace, best known for writing the screenplay to *Braveheart*, brings to the screen a new version of *The Man In The Iron Mask* based on the novel by Alexandre Dumas. Drawing together a well known international cast, the film is a swashbuckling tale of intrigue, romance and action, with no pretensions to fame except to provide sheer entertainment value for money.

Set against the lush and beautiful background of France in the late seventeenth century, Louis XIV (Leonardo DiCaprio) is universally despised for his failure to pay proper attention to matters of state. Citizens are rioting in the streets over food shortages while the King indulges in his petty personal affairs. In order to quell the uproar, Louis orders Aramis (Jeremy Irons) to kill the leader of the riots, the General of the Jesuits, unaware that Aramis himself is in fact the General. Consequently,

the Three Musketeers (Athos - John Malkovich, Aramis and Porthos - Gerard Depardieu) reunite to rescue the man in the iron mask - Louis' twin brother Philippe, from the Bastille where he has been imprisoned for six years, and replace him on the throne as the new king.

As is obvious from the plot, the practice of "suspending disbelief" is stretched to the very limits at various points throughout the film. Performances generally speaking, are quite effective (Gabriel Byrne as D'Artagnan in particular), however most of the cast are let down by a weak script that doesn't allow any room for character development. This is worsened by the fact that the heavy French accents make some speeches virtually unintelligible, while DiCaprio's American accent is extremely grating despite the fact that his dual performance overall is convincing and effective. But *The Man In The Iron Mask* doesn't pretend to be anything other than a run-of-the-mill action adventure and in this respect, viewers who don't mind a weak, sentimental plot, will find this film an entertaining escape from reality.

—Alice Rees



He's big. He's cool. And he can wear sunnies and a cardie and still look hot.

what's on

Oh Sylvia...

Sylvia is the new production by the Melbourne Theatre Company and promises to be a refreshing and original theatre experience. AR Gurney has crafted a delightful comedy which can be described as a "menage a trois". Greg picks up a frisky pup named Sylvia and despite protests of his wife, Greg keeps Sylvia lavishing attention and love on her. This love becomes increasingly demented, and Greg seems blind to the fact that she is chewing a hole in his 22 year marriage. Sylvia is played by Genevieve Morris and despite not being in a dog costume on all fours, she captures the character and charm of a puppy dog. To develop the character, Genevieve was in New York at the time of casting and took the opportunity to "check out the Central Park dog scene". Following that she was on holiday in Mexico where she found a whole different breed of dogs and doggy types. "There's a thing in acting called 'finding your clown', and this is sort of like 'finding your dog'". The audiences respond to Sylvia and see characteristics of their own dogs. "She's cheeky and comes across as smart and smarmy and at times rude and vulgar. We watch dogs lick their bums," Genevieve says. Though Genevieve may not be taking her dogginess that far, audiences can expect a fair dose of doggie vulgarity. The character demanded a lot of physical development as well as close observation of real dogs. Having never played another part like this one, Genevieve had a new challenge, "I'd played the opposite sex and extreme ages but never an animal." Greg and his wife find that the arrival of Sylvia has a profound affect on their relationship, and prompts a reassessment of their marriage.

Sylvia is by all accounts an endearing character and various people working with animals who attended the performances have been totally blown away by Genevieve's convincing performance.

"I highly recommend Sylvia to dog lovers and lovers of a good laugh. I could not believe the part of a dog could be performed so brilliantly. Sylvia is the ultimate 'bitch on heat' (Sue Conroy, Shelter Manager, Lost Dogs Home).

"Sylvia... was fantastic. The actor was Sylvia.

Never have I seen such scooting due to blocked anal glands, such a "bitch" on heat, such a sad and sorry post-operative recovery, such unconditional love, such attitude!" (Susan Fearn, Veterinary Surgeon).

This show should appeal to all lovers of the theatre and dogs.

WIN!! WIN!! WIN!! We have 2 double passes to give away for the shows and to be in the running all you have to do is bring or send in a photo of your dog and we will judge the cutest pooch: Woroni, c/- ANU Student's Association ANU Canberra 2600 - or drop it in by Thursday 30th April.

Sylvia is on at the Playhouse from the 5th -9th of May, 1998. Bookings phone the Canberra Theatre on 6257 1077.

Natural Causes: Ansel Adams

As well as the current exhibition of landscape painting, *New Worlds From Old*, a collection of landscape photography by Ansel Adams is on display at the National Gallery of Australia. Ansel Adams (1902-1984) is revered as one of the most celebrated and influential 20th century landscape photographers. The exhibition title reflects the place of Adams' work in a tradition of brilliant American photographers of the sublime natural landscape. The breathtaking images capture some of the most wild and spectacular regions of the American outback. Adams, an ardent conservationist, spent the last decade of his life putting together a portfolio of his work spanning his 50 year career. The National Gallery was able to purchase a set of 75 images, bringing the gallery collection to a total of over 100 images. The 1998 exhibition features over 30 works of this set as well as a small selection of works by other 19th and 20th century american landscape photographers. If you see the blockbuster *New Worlds From Old* exhibition, make sure you don't miss *Natural Causes* - the photos are something else. On display from the 14th March - 21st June 1998.

A Voice for Stolen Children

Following the inquiry into the Stolen Generation, the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission released a Report, *Bringing Them Home*, in which it outlined recommendations to the Commonwealth. While the Inquiry and the recommendations made in the Report go some way towards raising the consciousness of Governments and all Australians, the sheer volume of evidence made it difficult for most ordinary Australians to access the information. Carmel Bird responded after reading the Report by compiling her book *The Stolen Children: Their Stories*, which contains many of the testimonies of people who were separated from their families, as well as the list of fifty-four recommendations made by the Commission.

"The book consists of the stories and I've put

spent trying to locate mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters and make contact with the loved ones they lost; and for many not even reunion can undo the damage.

"Until the Report came out I, and millions of others didn't know the truth. It is no use saying these things didn't happen, or terrible things happened, but we've moved on. We need to know, and we need to know why, and until we do we can't properly imagine our own past, let alone our present and future."

Contributing writers include Hon. Kim Beazley MP, Veronica Brady, Martin Flanagan, Robbery Manne, Henry Reynolds, Sir Ronald Wilson and Jack Waterford.

The collection of stories in this book "is a step toward healing the suffering of the stolen generations and it urgently demonstrated the importance to every Australian of nation compassion and a true spirit of reconciliation."

See the competition details on this page and you could win a copy of Carmel Bird's book. It is well worth the read.

Calling all Bibliophiles

This year the Sydney Writers' Festival, with its by-line, 'Celebrating Reading and Writing', will also feature the theme of story-telling. At the opening-night launch, there will be a special event, *The Stolen Generation*, featuring Sir Ronald Wilson, who participated at the forefront of the National Inquiry into the Separation of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Children from their Families; and Donna Meehan who gave evidence to the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission for the Inquiry. Also speaking, author Carmel Bird, who has collected in her book *The Stolen Children, Their Stories*, the personal recollections of many witnesses to the Inquiry. The opening night of the Festival will also feature a special dance performance devised by Stephen and David Page with the Bangarra Dance company.

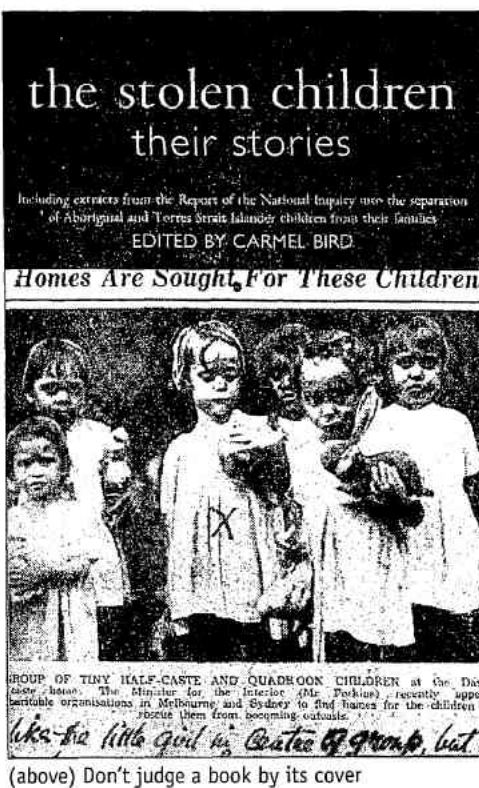
Continuing on the theme of telling stories, John Pilger will speak at the Town Hall Talks series about his new book *Hidden Agendas*. The book takes successive Australian Governments to task for the policies leading to the Stolen Generation and the "betrayal" of the East Timorese.

The final event in the Town Hall Talks series, called *Kingdom Divided*, includes Scotsman Irvine Welsh (*Trainspotting*), Irish novelists Colum McCann and Niall Williams, and Welsh poet Gwyneth Lewis. Festival Director, John Nieuwenhuizen says, "These writers are not English. Their writing is borne out of unique cultural experiences. Listening to them speak will give us all an idea of how diverse the Irish, Scottish and Welsh experiences."

The Festival runs from 12th May till the 17th during which people can participate in over 90 events including readings, discussions, Best Young Australian Novelists, book launches, Town Hall Talks, live reading groups, 'One on Ones', performances, and workshops. Festival Chair Geraldine Doogue is adamant that "if you love reading, books and ideas this is the event for you". Some of you avid trainspotters out there may be interested that the author Irvine Welsh will speak at the Palladium on Thursday May 14 along with acclaimed New York writer Junot Diaz, and young Samoan talent Sia Figiel. Diaz has written a book of short stories; a fractured and funny collection about the subtleties of interracial dating. Figiel's book, a deeply revealing coming of age story won the 1997 Commonwealth Writers Prize Best First Book Award for South-East Asia and the South Pacific Region. These three will be joined by a long list of talented young writers.

This is only a short list of the many attractions at the Sydney Writers' Festival. For further information, a program or a list of the venues call the Festival Information Hotline on (02) 9265 9059.

WIN WIN WIN!! We have 2 packages both containing a double pass to the Festival opening at the Sydney Town Hall on Wednesday May 13, and a copy of Carmel Bird's book *The Stolen Children*. We want you to explore your own creative writing abilities and write a haiku or similar short poem and send it with your name and contact details to the Woroni Office.



(above) Don't judge a book by its cover

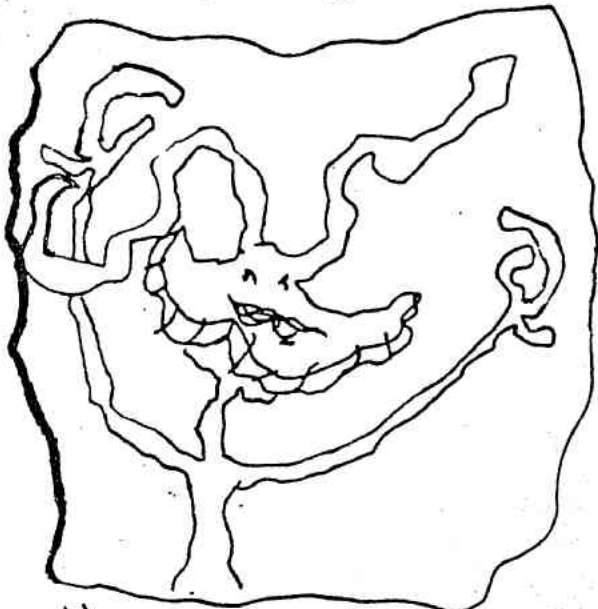
[them] into a context. I think it is important for people to read the recommendations."

One of which is that the Government make a formal apology and another; that there be an opportunity for financial compensation. Carmel believes that even if this is not taken up by all those affected during the period of systematic separation, at least the option be there. "Governments are there to sort out the rights of the people. You can't say that terrible things happened in the past and it's too difficult to sort out so we're going to forget about it. If it was a body with a disease you wouldn't just let the disease run rampant. That's what we are - a body with a disease."

The book provides a means for all Australians to access the vital information of our past and come to terms with the damage done not only to the children, but also their families. Many years were



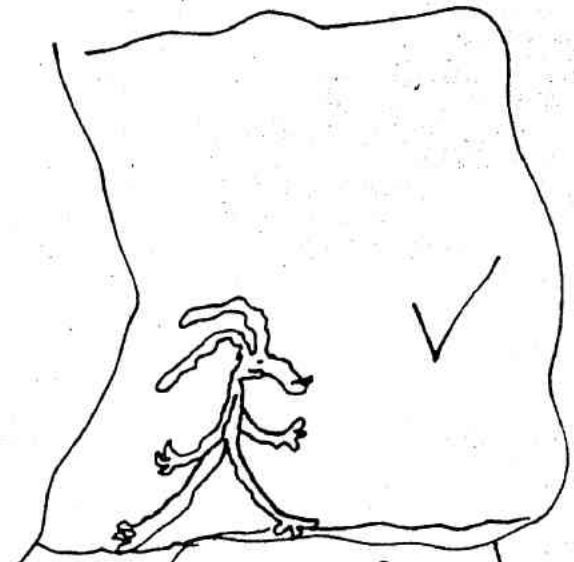
The life and times of greg the rabbit
 (code to sal) ⁱⁿ (or, salinger, oh, salinger)



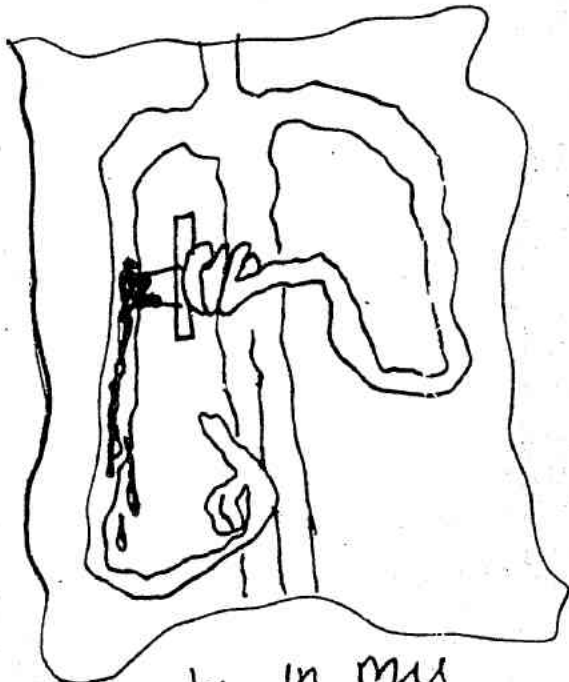
'm the godamn
 govener's son



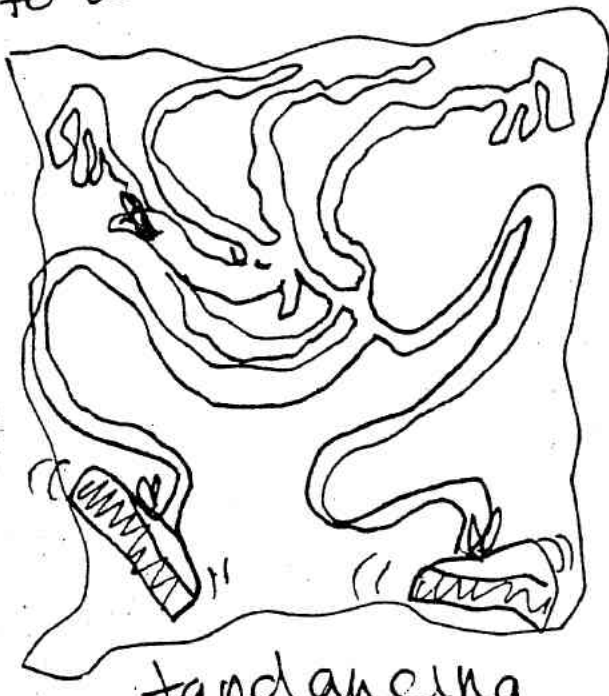
he doesn't want me
 to be a tapdancer



he wants me to
 go to oxford



but its in my
 godamn blood,



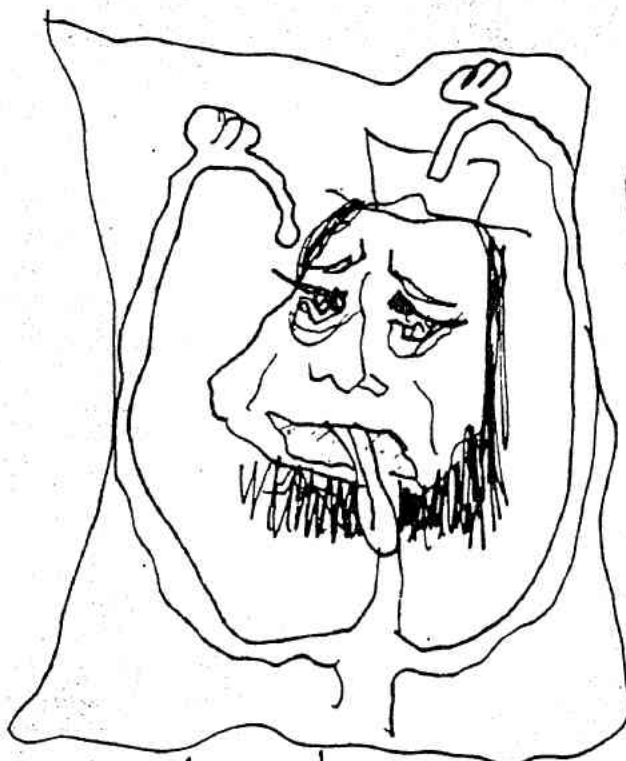
tapdancing



Its the opening nite
 of the zeigfeld follies



the leading man
 can't go on



he's drunk as a
 bastard



so who do they get
 to take his place?
 ME, that's who, the
 little ol' godamn govener's
 son!

New York New York



getting out

New York used to be the centre of the modern world, but now, argues Rolando Fairview, a great deal of the gloss has rubbed off the once shiny Big Apple. The recommendation is to forget it and go West my friend.

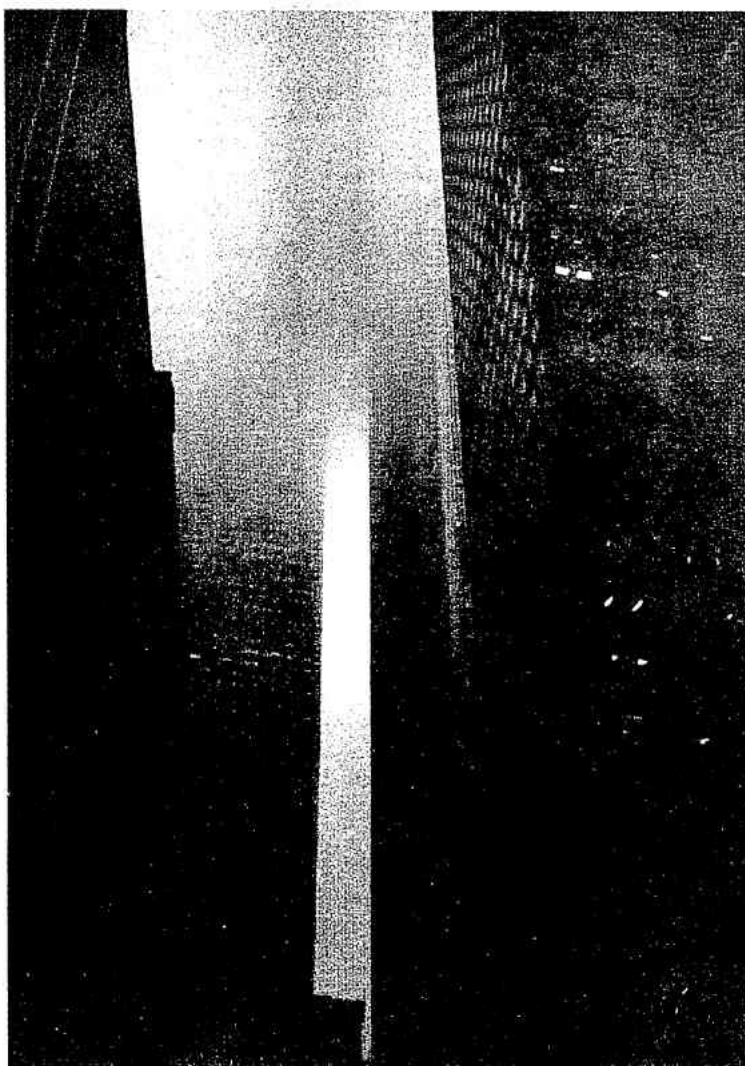
The burghers of New York city have become fat and complacent. The town that was once the centre of the world has made the fatal mistake of believing its own press. I cannot describe what a let-down my visit to the Big Bagel was; the city that had been hyped through the roof had fallen more than desperately short of expectations, it positively repelled me.

Walking down the famous streets of Manhattan, the ones I've seen over and over again and yet hadn't trodden since I lived there with my family at the age of two, I began to chastise myself for finding this place so utterly lifeless when common consensus had it as the most happening place on the planet - the place with all the power, the place aliens will choose first to blow up. Who was I to be taking on New York New York when everyone else in the world knew that it was a wonderful town?

Well I'm sorry but New York stinks. Well actually not entirely Harlem is still quite interesting and the Bronx still has the energy of old, but the city that the middle classes go for, the one of 42nd Street, Time Square, darling little clubs in Greenwich Village, art galleries in SoHo and the World Trade Centre might as well just drop off and fall into the ocean for all I care because if Manhattan was ever the greatest example of the rumbling urban jungle then in the 90s its been chopped down, had lawn planted and has sold the timber to the Japanese for disposable chop sticks.

How could this have happened you ask. What exactly has gone wrong with this glorious city that the world once turned to for all its cultural cues? The problem is that the rest of the world has caught up with New York. No longer does the simple farm boy come to the big smoke and say "Well gollyyyyyy! If that just aint the peritest thing I ever

did see. Looky that big bildin' ma!" The fact is that every B-grade town in the world now has sky scrapers, Times Square and sophisticated coffee shops, and cities like Tokyo kick New York fair up the bum when it comes to the power of sheer physical spectacle. Times Square used to be the glitziest symbol of the new urban possibility in the world. To-



(above) The skyscrapers in New York might as well be in Omaha.

kyo has a Times Square on every street corner.

The island of Manhattan used to have the advantage of geography. There are few images that carried as much potent visual and symbolic force as the approach to the great symbol of 20th Century living that was Manhattan. As Nick, the narrator in *The Great Gatsby* says as he crosses the Brooklyn Bridge, "I felt as if anything could happen now". Not anymore I'm sorry. Today Manhattan is an island of shallow yuppies whose lives have begun to impersonate *Seinfeld's* art. But the prob-

lem is that, unlike the sitcom characters, they're not even funny because they take their position as world sophisticates so very, very seriously.

What was once an island symbolic of all that was new and interesting in world culture has since become a fortress; a giant castle and moat which has decided that it doesn't need the rest of the world so long as the world continues to come to it. The problem is that the rest of the world isn't coming to New York anymore. Immigration is clearly growing on the West Coast and in Florida but on the Northwest people have simply decided that the cost of living in New York is simply no longer worth the trouble. Who can afford to live there anymore but viraciously ambitious careerists whose life aim is to make ever more money and move into increasingly larger apartments. Family life has left Manhattan in droves. One of the eeriest things about the place is the complete lack of children anywhere south of Harlem. And if, as Stevie Wonder sang, the children really are the future then New York's is beginning to look increasingly frail and elderly.

So why are we still convinced that New York, as Mayor Guiliani said, is the "Capital of the World"? Simply because its reputation is a Titanic of hype riding on an enormous sea of money, but unfortunately, like the captain of the original boat, the inhabitants of the place have come to believe that not even God could deflate their current state of affairs. But God doesn't need to. Just look into any art gallery in New York and you'll see some of the most thrillingly ordinary examples of bland International art masquerading as a breakthrough that you are ever likely to see. Find out where the Hispanic families (surely the youthful future of America) are choosing to settle and you'll see that LA is now 55% Hispanic and rising. Check your CDs to see where all the most interesting bands are coming from and the majority will be from the West and South. Think about it, what has New York given us over the last ten years that hasn't quickly faded into the ether? In cultural terms very little.

My advice for visiting the States would be to completely ignore all those whiny trendoid students who say things like "Don't go to LA it's disgusting. New York is so much more... European." and take this as an endorsement of the West Coast, because if your aim to travel is to see places that are living, to see history as it is being made, to experience a living collision of culture then forget about once great New York. It may have been something once upon a time but now there's nothing more depressing than looking at the dead husk of something that once was.

Rolando Fairview

& dealing with being stuck here

frolickin'

Hoyts 10 at Belco

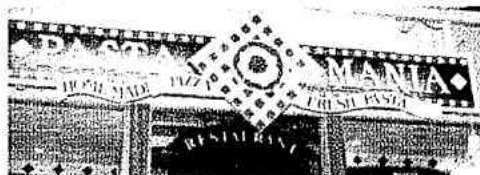
Tuesday means movies and students know that the only good movie is a cheap one accompanied with indulgent snacks. Hoyts in Belconnen had the pleasure of two *Woroni* reviewers last Tuesday and I believe they saw them coming. They paid the very cool price of \$5 but were persuaded to spend \$17 at the candy bar. Why? because this particular Hoyts has refined the art of suggestive selling but have gone one further to introduce the upgrade. I'll explain



how it works...you go up to the sales person and ask for a small coke, they say "O.K but the medium coke is only 40 cents more." You think about this for a while and decide that 40 cents is not too much to pay for lashings of refreshment. So you say "O.K I'll have the medium" and on and on it goes. Everything you ask for your offered the bigger option and more often that not you take it. I think they should tell you how much extra hiring a small kid to carry all your food would cost.

food

Pastamania



For this issue of *Woroni* we have strapped on the feed bag and headed for Civic. *Woroni* restaurant reviews aim to dig out the not so obvious dining choices in Canberra and see what we are missing out on, and this time we discovered a gem of a place which many of you should already know about because it has been around for a while but is hidden because of the retail pasta shop out the front. *Woroni* reviewers gave top marks this issue to Pastamania, it is located in the City Markets and

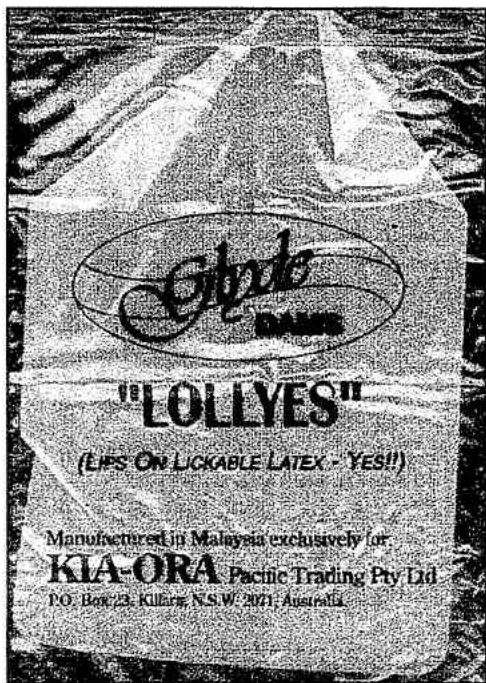
makes and serves the best spaghetti in town. The staff were efficient without being pains in the asses and were very patient with you when you changed your mind about your order over a dozen times. As well as pasta they served gourmet pizza and if you decide to go you must try the potato and rosemary pizza. The pasta dishes all sound great and they let you mix and match with sauces and types of pastas. Our favourite was the Spaghetti Aglio Olio which was spaghetti tossed in olive oil, fresh garlic and chill. It was so good that we had to buy some from the shop out front to take home. Coffee is also a must — they actually make it strong and a latte doesn't taste like a microwaved moove. The pasta dishes can be a simple or as diverse as you like. Our reviewers were very excited by Pastamania, but were still not quite game enough to try the squid ink pasta.

How Embarrassment!

I recently went on a trip with some mates to do some fishing in Townsville. We hired a Torago and bought 16 cases of beer. A couple of us started driving half-way into the trip and were getting pretty happy. We were going through Beau Desert when we pulled alongside a car full of chicks one of the guys dared me to moon the car so I did and we sped off.

They caught up to us later only to press a sign against the window that said "You've got toilet paper in your crack". How embarrassment!

Mother Knows Best



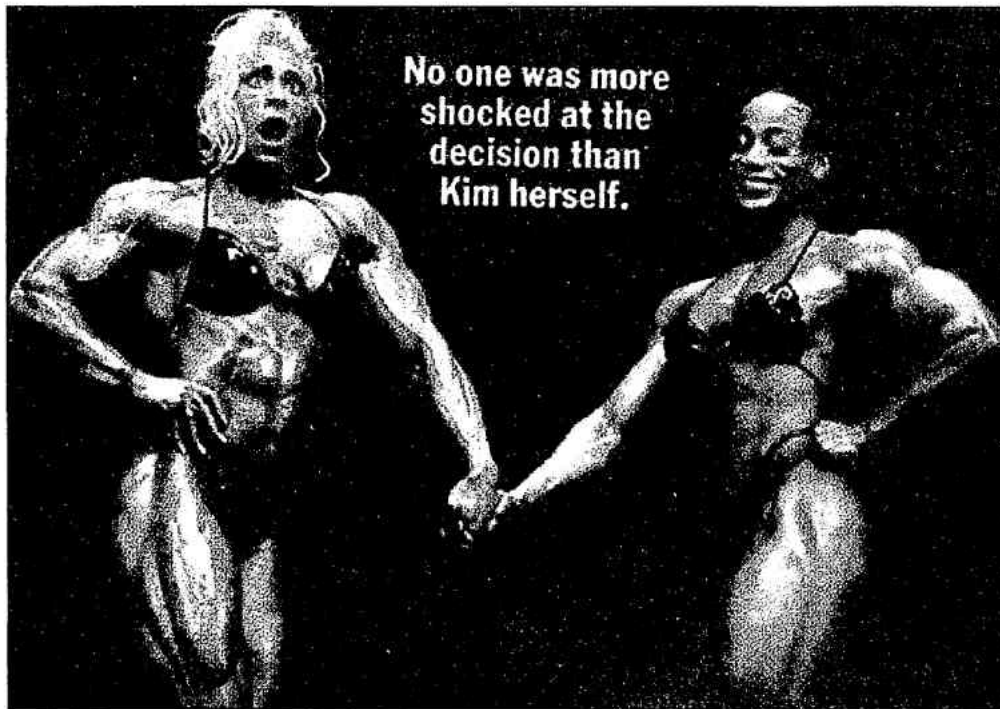
(above) Is that a dam in your mouth or did you just bring up a pudding skin?

Last month's stain guide proved to be so useful that Bev decided she might start pointing out some not so obvious uses for some not so practical products on the market. We're going to start with one of the most awkward of products and that's the "dam" and you'll be surprised be as we were with all the alternative uses Bev came up with.

- 1) Re-usable lunch wrap for sandwiches
- 2) Sealing cloth for jams and preserves
- 3) Baking sheets for muffins
- 4) Budgie rain coat
- 5) Opening stubborn jar lids
- 6) Artificial skin for burn victims
- 7) Potpourri alternative for scenting sock drawer
- 8) Rodent trampoline



Uni Schmuni

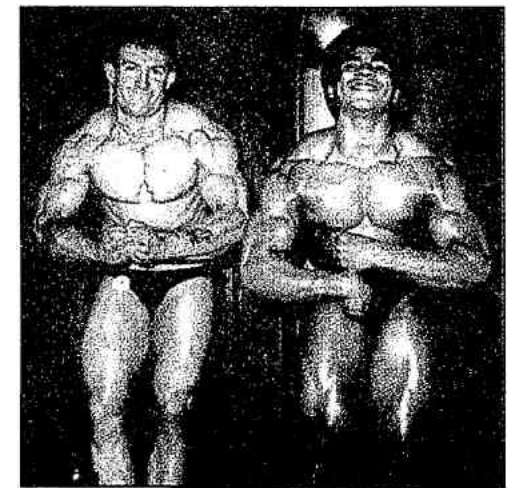


Treasures

Last months Kylie and Jason competition was such a success that we've received yet more entries.

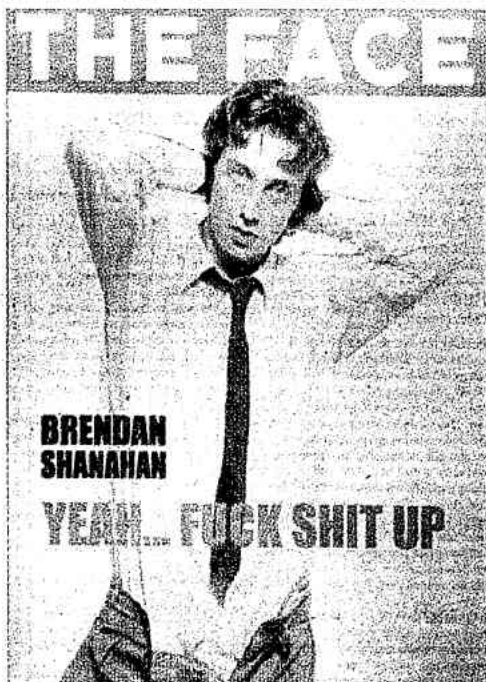
The mums of Australia certainly have been busy sending in their photos of their darling Kevins and Rachael's whose uncanny resemblances to the aforementioned superstars is simply so uncanny that I had to pinch my arm in order to stop myself from getting too fooled into thinking that I'd just walked onto the set of the marriage episode.

If you've got a relation who looks like the king or queen of soap, or if indeed you yourself have recently had a perm or got yourself a decent mullet, then send those pictures into *Woroni* and win, win win!!!



Two adventurous Burgmann boys found out that giving up uni and taking up bodybuilding and holding competitions in their grandparents place was a fabulous option and much more fruitful, but do not think this is just a way out for the lads. Oh no, quite the opposite, because many women are discovering body building and finding out that the only thing they lost in ditching university was their tits a maybe a menstrual cycle or two. So give it some thought and you could be swapping Jolt Cola for weight promoting shakes and be able to spend time gazing at yourself rather than at a shit boring reading brick.

What does Daddy do?



My daddy is the bureau chief of *The Australian's* Moffice in Canberra. This is why I'm so very middle class and know all sorts of television celebrities. It also means that I can get all my middle class reactionary articles published any time I like.

In my position as the son of a well known journalist I am able to fully abuse the various entrees granted to me by those whom I meet within the social coterie inhabited by my parents. My recent purchase of a half share in an apartment (I find the term "flat" common) is surely evidence of my privileged social status.

The great thing about my life is that I have absolutely no problems. I simply swan around hanging shit on people and taking great pleasure from rubbing their faces in the ashes. This is why I have chosen to become the editor of *Woroni* and why the general tenor of my editorship is so cruel. Right now I'm off to make fun of some more dwarf women and gay Socialists. Whew! Life's tough eh.







APOLOGY

In issues 2 and 3 of *Woroni* this year, the society pages featured a section called "Audrey and Barry's Etiquette Tips." The section was accompanied by a photo of a man and a woman. Issue 2 had a caption under the photo with words which gave the false impression that those words were being spoken by the man to the woman. *Woroni* has been advised that the photo and its caption caused hurt and distress

to the persons who were the subjects in that photo. *Woroni* regrets this publication and apologises for any distress which the photo and its caption may have caused to any persons or any injury to their reputations. *Woroni* would like to stress that the photo was taken some years ago and was in no way connected to the content of the section, and that Audrey and Barry are fictional inventions of the *Woroni* editors.

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<p>2 BBQ CHICKENS</p> <p>Only \$10.95!</p>  <p>ON PRESENTATION OF THIS VOUCHER AT ANY OUTLET. VALID TO 24/5/1998</p> <p>8</p>	<p>2 BBQ CHICKENS</p> <p>Only \$10.95!</p>  <p>ON PRESENTATION OF THIS VOUCHER AT ANY OUTLET. VALID TO 24/5/1998</p> <p>8</p>	<p>2 BBQ CHICKENS</p> <p>Only \$10.95!</p>  <p>ON PRESENTATION OF THIS VOUCHER AT ANY OUTLET. VALID TO 24/5/1998</p> <p>8</p>

"WHEN IS A BREAST NOT A BREAST?"

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HEAVEN

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Thursday 28th May

- Funky Acid Afro Lounge

Second Birthday!

Featuring Future Sounds of Melbourne

Special guest Josh Abrams

All Thursday Nights in Heaven, \$1 middies, \$2 stubbies, all night.

footnotes

princesses

tillieys' warrior

Most ANU students have lounged around in the dark comforting corners and glamorous red-plush chairs of Tilley's. You may not realise it but you're reclining on a piece of Australia's national history. 15 years ago Pauline Higginson decided to open a bar that would shock Canberra's patriarchal fathers, John Laws, and the world.

Q: Can you tell us a little bit about how Tilley's got started?

A: Yeah, I needed to feed my children. It used to be a dental surgery, and I just had an idea that something of this concept would work, as much as you can know, and just went about delivering it. I guess it's a bit romantic to call it a vision but I knew that I wanted to create a space that was safe for women, especially, because I knew that women didn't have the pubs and clubs that men had for hundreds of years. Theoretically we had them but you couldn't walk in at midnight on your own and order a cup of tea and read the paper. A lot of women work shift work, and a lot of women have books to write and essays to work on and they need somewhere else other than their lounge rooms to work in.

Q: What's the story behind the name?

A: At the time I'd taken the lease over there was eight weeks between the day I signed the lease and the day I opened the room. I had to gouge the cement slab out, put the plumbing in, I had to do a serious building job. I was so entrenched in that and I was having the best time doing it. Then at a dinner party three weeks before I opened a good friend said to me, "So, Polly this place sounds fantastic, what are you gonna call it?" I did a complete double take and went "Oh God a name, I haven't got a name". So she said to me straight off the cuff, "call it Tilley Devine's." Tilley Devine was a war-bride who came to Australia in the 40s and left her husband, and struggled to survive. She ran a brothel and was absolutely renowned for treating her girls to the red carpet; as her family. Nevertheless she did run a brothel, but she also did things like build orphanages and she floated the Salvation Army and she recycled all these men's dollars back into the community for women and children. She is a complete Robin Hood, a unsung hero in this country. As I heard more about this colourful woman who did the most amazingly outrageous anarchic things in society I thought this was a feisty kind of a woman. The name that I registered was Tilley's Devine Cafe Gallery so it's really just taking a little bit of her feel with Matilda being the backbone of Australia, and the archetypal Matilda being the Australian woman and I also like that whole camp 'divine' thing.

Q: What was the initial reaction to your opening?

A: Well I invited lists of people for the opening and four hundred women turned up. Tilley's was much much smaller then, we only held 64 people. So it was just over the top from day one.

Q: When and why did you decide to open it up to men?

A: It was always open to men, absolutely, what I did was before opening I actually went to the Human Rights Commission, and said let's look at some way we can access some affirmative action ruling that gives women the upperhand. My fundamental need was not to have the place dominated by men because there was alcohol, and Section 33 of the Sex Discrimination Act says that any measure that is seen to be necessary to ensure equal opportunity shall be seen to be correct. So very formally we devised a house rule that said there needed to be one woman in any party. You could have a football team of guys who were totally welcome but there needed to be one woman in that group. It was just a balance measure, but for the very first time in Australian history women had the upper hand. If you were coming and you didn't want that man to come with you, you had total and utter say. It was very empowering, we actually made the front page of the Tokyo Daily the week we opened for that reason. John Laws went absolutely ballistic, he'll still bring the subject up. A lot of the misogynistic community was absolutely livid.

Q: So Tilley's has a definite purpose?

A: Well I really just needed to say this is not a normal establishment, my fundamental priority is to make this a gentle space. Whether its gentle for gay men or gay women, or straight women who want to have some time alone, or straight men who want to be in a gentle environment- its for everybody but that gentleness is my absolute priority. It will be a civilised environment at any cost. The house rule ran beautifully and two years later we decided it'd been enough of a statement for the world to know that we were not a pub or a tavern and we will never be that way so I relaxed the rule overnight in 1986. You cannot have revolution without someone making a statement, making a stand to make a change, and its very old news now. I don't care whether its the poodle-owners association that wants to meet here. If they want to be here and not be harassed then this is where they should be. I spent a long time struggling for women's rights and working in the feminist movement, and I've been out as a gay woman for twenty five years, so for me it was a very comfortable thing. It was not any big deal but people were running around saying, "Oh God, this is so revolutionary." Well, hang on, try looking a couple of hundred years ago there were women doing

things like this.

Q: Were you inspired by any other kind of venue you'd seen?

A: No, I'd been a full time mother and I'd been an architect and designer and acoustic engineer in my other lives. So I had nothing to do with the hospitality industry, in fact I'd been into about two bars in my life. We were the first establishment in Canberra to actually be licensed to serve alcohol on the footpath. It's everywhere now but people don't realise that we were ground breakers. Selling alcohol and coffee side by side as an alternative, that is a very European concept - that you do what you need to do in a social setting, you don't just go to a hotel because you only want to drink alcohol- life's a little more complex these days.

Q: What is in store for Tilley's future?

A: Well we're actually about to extend next week, we bought the Thai restaurant two or three weeks ago and we are taking the walls down next week; we are going to be about five metres longer.

Q: Is that a consideration in terms of Tilley's as a live music venue?

A: No, it's about just housing people who want to use the room, we are just not big enough for the numbers of people who want to use the place. Which is good.

Q: You're one of the few venues that still has live music, is it hard to keep that aspect of Tilley's going?

A: Well actually I haven't phoned an artist for around ten years. Every single artist you see on my stage rings me and asks if I will please have their show." That's lovely because it puts me in a position where I can actually pick and choose.

Q: Do you welcome things that might be less successful elsewhere?

A: Yes, we have performance artists, we launch books, this Saturday we are doing a fundraiser for the ABC. I have a very clear preference for politically and community focused functions, say the Red Cross, and its really important that we do that. I'm actually saying no to more performers because so many want to use this space and I have a responsibility to the public. When you come in and buy one coffee you are our lifeblood, not the person who comes and pays twenty five dollars to see Donovan one night. We have two very generous happy hours Thursday and Friday and we make not a cent on those hours but its really like a thank you to the people who support us all the time.

National Lampoon's Castration Vacation

This installment of Detective James' (or should that be Detective Jane's?) adventures is definitely the scariest so far. Read on if you dare: but be warned all your assumptions about gender boundaries and talk show hosts will be forever destroyed.

The doctor's scalpel slashed once, then twice, then three times and, before I could yell "Nooooo!", they were gone. Was this the price of redemption? Oprah seemed to think so and who was I to judge, they were only my testicles... and my penis.

At the time Oprah's insistence on castration seemed to be a totally valid solution to all of my problems. My life had descended to such a level of depravity that it had come to amount to nothing more than a piss-weak hand-job. Something had to be done and I was willing to do it. Ultimately, inspired by the Verve's modern masterpiece, "Urban Symphony", I had thought to myself, "I can change, I can change, I can change," and, with Oprah egging me on, I had been ready and willing to sacrifice anything for salvation, even my own crown jewels.

But now I was having second thoughts. In fact, I was having second thoughts about Oprah, whom moments before had been my only ray of light. She no longer seemed to be the subservient, chaste, vulnerable creature that I had originally perceived

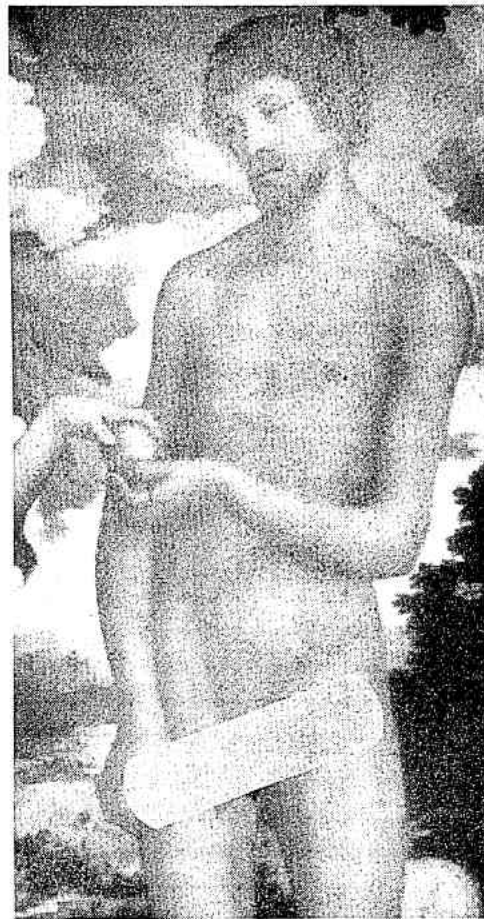
her as. I came to this conclusion after she locked me in a room and performed oral sex on a twelve year old private school boy with a dildo shoved up her enormous ass, right there in front of me! She kept on spluttering between her pursed hairy lips, "Fuck me, darling, fuck me... oh, that's right, you don't have a cock any more. He, he, he."

It was after this dodgy episode that I decided

At the time Oprah's insistence on castration seemed to be a totally valid solution to all of my problems.

to check her out, to get back to basics and do some detective work, after all that was why I had been put on this miserable planet — to unlock the truth.

It was quite by chance that I discovered Oprah's real identity. I read a letter by her published in the the latest edition of the Socialist Hookers monthly paper, in the "Ideas for Revolutions" section titled "How to revolt men". From that one piece of evidence I was able to piece together all of the pieces of the puzzle. Oprah's true name was Mauve and she was a middle-aged Marxist-Feminist fundamentalist lesbian activist who ran the



pulp

local community radio station as her own personal propaganda machine against men, she was not a nun at all. I was stunned. I had copped the indiscriminate brunt of a vindictive, man-hating bounty-hunter who put the ultimate price on all men's testicles — their removal.

Logic led me to her sanctuary — the community radio station. It was at the back of the radio station that I found an ominous looking door with "VETO" etched into it. As soon as I entered the monstrosity it was immediately apparent what the room was; it was Mauve's trophy room and it was hideous.

Mauve must have scalped at least fifteen other victims because there were shelves of bottled genitalia everywhere. I nervously searched through all of the jars until I came to the one that contained the remnants of my own sexual organs. They were not hard to find due to one distinctive feature: a particularly hairy scrotum. To my astonishment, when I opened the jar, the entire organ was perfectly preserved. I wondered if they all were like that and whether they could be successfully reattached. So I swapped my jar for a much more impressive specimen, contacted the police about my discovery of a Code 1 MSC (Malicious Serial Castrater), and moseyed on back to the office to do some amateur handyman surgery.

— by Marx himself

last gasp

Bunnie Money

So: I've had four days of extremely productive sleep-ins and hangovers and general fucking around, there are innumerable piles of brightly coloured pieces of foil littered around my kitchen, and there were a couple of really cool epics on the TV that just dragged my eyes towards them and totally foiled the exercise plan I had been planning to begin. ('No', the television whispered, 'Don't go for that run... sit on the sofa and discover more about the King of Kings...'). Plus — and this I find quite disturbing — I've discovered a number of really foul looking pimples on parts of my body that there just shouldn't be — the charmingly discoloured post-adolescent brand of acne that gives off that ever so tasteful odour of compound chocolate and pus. Mmmm.... My body, it seems, is trying to tell me something about my over-indulgence at Easter time, but as it seems to be in the spirit of the holiday to indulge I once again refuse to listen.

Now, I've actually got a degree of sympathy for those folks who complain about the over-commercialism of Easter. Say you're a Christian, right? Not the Fred Nile nail-homosexuals-to-trees type Christian but just a normal everyday person who happens to have read the Bible and believe in Christ and/or the general Christian ethic. It must be fairly frustrating trying to quietly acknowledge and respect in your own way the death of Christ and the miracle of the resurrection when all around you are Hellbound heathens shamelessly using the holiday that you gave them to embrace the sins of Gluttony and Sloth.

But, on the other hand, we live in a secular society and since FOCUS hasn't yet come to power and the general popular consensus seems to be who gives a shit (and far be it from me to question popular opinion, baaa), it is perhaps more rewarding to leave

that issue where it is and turn to the other, perhaps more pertinent thing that I noticed this Easter: namely the astonishing lack of imagination displayed by our prominent confectionary manufacturers every fucking year.

I mean, let us try not to be hypocritical here.



Granted, the exchanging of intricately decorated eggs at Easter is a long-held religious tradition that originated in European and Slavic societies, but it

seems to me that our understanding of Easter has got about as much in common with these societies as a penguin has with a big pink steamroller. (Let's face it, our iconography's all fucked up anyway, because the crosses have disappeared and the 'rebirthing' of the eggs becomes irrelevant when they're made of chocolate and any regenerative representation they may have had seems a trifle redundant when they just end up smeared all over the receiver's fat gob).

So, why not accept that we've exchanged Christianity for Consumerism and bring out the heavy marketing artillery? Why stop at the Bilby? You could have an Easter Barbie! Let's have chocolate Spice Girls and a Turkish Delight South Park Cartman and KFC rabbit-flavoured chicken. And, to venture into the really tasteless possibilities that religious commercialism offers, you know that just around the corner is the McDonald's McJesus meal, with a Hamburger Judas Iscariot image on the Coke and a free miniature plastic Ronald attached to a French Fry crucifix.

On the other hand, perhaps that's just a little unnecessary, even for Fast Food. Nonetheless, it needn't be all so crass: I'm sure it is possible to symbolise tolerance and virtue while being a little more imaginative with our moulds. For example, I'm still quite proud of my idea (rejected by Darrell Lea, the reactionary sods) of the Elephant Man Easter Figure. 'I am not an animal: I am a delicious chocolate treat', perhaps... We could remember the horrible, unnecessary persecution of John Merrick and remind ourselves of the need for acceptance and understanding in today's society. And at least the shape of the poor guy would be a little more interesting than those stupid bloody rabbits.

—Easter Sunday

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Public Service Photo Spread

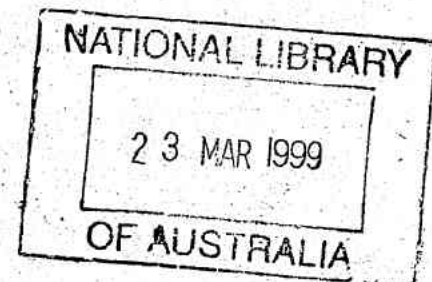
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The Vice Chancellor Writes Back

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On Tuesday 10th of March, first-year Russian students were informed that their course had been cancelled. On Friday 13th, a petition of over 1500 signatures was tabled at a meeting of University Council by the President of the Students' Association, Harry Greenwell. The article below was written in response to the petition and to questions raised by the President both at Council and at a meeting with the Vice-Chancellor the following week. The petition read as follows:

Petition to Help Save Russian and the Arts Faculty: We the undersigned wish to express our outrage at the axing of first-year Russian. Furthermore, we wish to express our deep concern at the deteriorating standards in many departments of the Arts Faculty, where course offerings are being reduced, tutorial sizes increased and methods of assessment changed to reduce the workload on academics. We call on the University to reinstate Russian at the ANU and to make funds available for the Faculty to develop a three-year plan to overcome its difficulties. Furthermore, we call on the University to make more transparent the system of distributing funds amongst the faculties.



What makes undergraduate students want to come to the Australian National University to study? We take a good deal of trouble to find the answer to that question because it is a key to understanding how we can best attract a diverse body of talented students. The diversity we seek is in terms of geography, racial and ethnic origins, and socioeconomic background. 'Talented' is most commonly measured in terms of TER but we recognise that secondary school achievement, as measured by the TER, is really quite a crude measure. What we are really looking for is students who have the capacity and the enthusiasm to really come to grips with an area of learning and to begin to think analytically and critically both within and without the paradigms which rule thought in any area.

Our focus on quality is essential. The Australian National University is Australia's most strongly research focused university and has made a deliberate strategic choice to maintain a relatively small undergraduate student base concentrated in the liberal arts; that is, the arts and sciences base at the core of higher learning. We expect many of our students to go on to higher degrees, particularly in research. Of course, this is a focus only and one which has evolved over nearly 40 years of undergraduate teaching. The ANU now offers courses in other areas, including art and music in the Institute of the Arts, and contemporary engineering. We also have a strong Asian studies focus, extending over both The Faculties and the Institute of Advanced Studies. I am an unabashed promoter of diversity amongst Australian universities. I believe that the ANU is different to universities which are more strongly vocationally focused and which seek to maximise the potential of students with a much wider range of educational attainment on entry. Both are valid higher education roles but they are quite different.

I set the scene about what the Australian National University is, and where it is positioned in the Australian higher education sector, to allow readers to fully appreciate a simple but important point which I wish to make in this article: one which should be kept in mind when readers are assessing some of the more intemperate claims about the future of the ANU which have been made this year. It is simply that, while the ANU's mission, focus and academic values have endured, its courses and programs are dynamic entities, and evolution is an essential part of sustaining a centre of excellence for research and learning. We do not seek to offer all things to everybody in undergraduate education and the optimal set of offerings will necessarily change somewhat over time. This message is very different from that of those who argue that any change in courses or their method of delivery, no matter how small, somehow signals the collapse of a great institution.

The reason for the need to change is simple. As jealously as we guard university autonomy, we are part of a wider community and affected in many ways - the most significant of which is our



level of funding - by our external environment. Indeed, our 1995 strategic plan signalled the need to develop external funding sources, including an endowment, to buffer ourselves to the extent possible from external funding pressures. In a climate of severe budget stringency, we cannot afford to offer courses, no matter what their excellence and intrinsic merit, if there is no significant demand for them.

In recent weeks, the Faculty of Arts has received a good deal of attention. Unfortunately, it seems that the greater the intensity of concern, the more the facts and realities seem to become victim to hyperbole of a kind that will damage the ANU if not moderated. So what are the facts about the situation in which the Faculty finds itself?

In 1998, The Faculties' share of the ANU's

operating grant is \$48.2 million dollars. The allocation of that money between individual faculties is something which was agreed by the then Planning and Resources Committee, a collegial body reporting to the Board of The Faculties. The allocation mechanism (the Faculties Funding Model) is quite complex, but transparent. Put simply, the amount of funds each faculty should receive is calculated on the basis of student enrolments and quantitative indicators of research performance. Adjustments may then be made on the recommendation of the Planning and Resources Committee. In 1998, it has been agreed that the Faculty of Arts should receive \$260,000 more than its share as calculated by the Model (\$760,000 was also made available to reduce the Faculty of Arts' share of the Faculties' capital debt at the beginning of 1997). In 1998, the Faculty will receive \$10.8 million. As of February, it was anticipated that its total income should be about \$11.5 million, taking into account additional income from student fees and other sources. This would be about the same level in dollar terms as 1997.

So what is the problem? It can readily be understood when expenditure is taken into account. In 1998, expenditure on salaries and salary-related expenses (ie, compulsory expenses such as employer superannuation and workers' compensation payments) is expected to be \$11.1 million. This leaves just \$0.4 million to pay for everything else. That includes everything from electricity and cleaning to IT equipment, postgraduate student field trips and staff attendance at conferences, to say nothing of the research expenses of 100-odd academic staff. It simply is not enough and, even when things are pared to the bone, the Faculty will need to spend about \$1.2 million on non-salary expenses just to keep functioning. When you allow for my rounding, that means an operating deficit of \$0.6 million, adding to the \$3.0 million of accumulated deficit which the Faculty has carried over from 1997.

While part of the financial stress placed on the University can be directly attributed to Commonwealth Government policies, it is also clear that fee income in the Faculty of Arts has declined sharply over the past three years (from over \$1 million in 1994 to less than \$750,000 in 1997). The remedy for this lies more in the hands of the Faculty of Arts than elsewhere.

You do not need to be a commerce student to appreciate that the situation is quite untenable and must be resolved - in a hurry. The real damage is being done, not through minor nicks such as the

cancellation of one Russian unit, but through this substantial financial haemorrhage over a number of years.

The solution which some Arts students favour is simply giving the Faculty more money. But where does it come from? It is a zero-sum game. The brunt of cuts in operating grants has to date been borne by the central administrative divisions of the University. It is not possible to find further immediate savings there - staff and existing systems are already stretched to their limits. Therefore, any increase in funding for the Faculty of Arts would have to come from the remaining faculties. The Deans of those faculties have already agreed to Arts receiving an allocation in excess of that calculated by the Funding Model. Further cross-subsidy could only lead to diminishing levels of education for students in those other faculties. It is not a sustainable option.

In considering the zero-sum game, one particular whipping boy should be given some much needed respite. Calls for the money to be found from the MBA program demonstrate a complete lack of understanding of the ANU's, and the MBAs, funding arrangements. The MBA was established on a full cost recovery basis. That is, none of the University's operating grant goes to support it. It was established with a \$2 million ANU Development Bank loan and is yet to reach a break-even point. Almost inevitably activities in their start-up phase require venture capital to develop into viable operations. An indebtedness at this stage of the MBAs development was expected. The MBA Program is required to pay interest on its loan and to repatriate the principal over an five year period.

Those suggesting that I make available substantial one-off grants to help the Faculty meet its deficit have generally failed to appreciate that this cannot do more than defer for one year the need to address a structural deficit, which will recur each year. I also suspect that many people calling for special support for the Faculty of Arts are not aware that a number of other areas of the University, both academic and administrative, are going through a period of budgetary deficit. Those areas are finding ways to get their finances in order. It would be inequitable, not to extend any additional financial assistance, should such a payment be made to the Faculty of Arts, to those areas - something which is quite beyond our financial capacity.

Reality dictates that the Faculty of Arts must reduce its staffing costs to a sustainable level. Over the past year, academic staff of the Faculty have not responded in any significant numbers to two voluntary redundancy schemes - the second being on more generous terms than those offered to academic staff elsewhere. This means that necessary separations must be made involuntarily. This must be done quickly. Because of the alarming accumulation of debt, the number of staff cuts required gets larger the longer decisions are delayed or stymied by protest and industrial action.